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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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WHEN PHILOSOPHY WALKED THE EARTH—PLATO, SOCRATES, ARISTOTLE
From The School of Athens, by Raphael

Bringing Philosophy to Earth

BY IRWIN EDMAN

THERE must certainly be a good many readers who would give, if not their eye teeth, at least the price of a good novel, for an Introduction to Philosophy that would, in the great phrase of Plato's Seventh Epistle, "initiate them into the great business itself." Plato himself in the same letter is authority for the notion that such initiation is possible only by communication, by the contagion of companionship until the "soul itself catches the flame." He announces that there will never be a treatise by him on the subject of philosophy. The word treatise demands italics. For Plato found another way, possibly the only way, of writing about philosophy, writing that is itself a conversation, the soul in dialectic. The Dialogues happen to be conversation on the major themes of life, nature, and destiny, and perhaps only by the representation of minds talking thus together on such matters can philosophy be revealed without being betrayed.

Certainly the general reader is no more suspicious than the trained philosopher of those tomes, at once conscientious and pedantic, which divide philosophy into compartments, organize it into something clear enough for professors to expound, final and simple enough so that students may write categorically about it in their examinations. Neither wisdom nor love can be found in such mortuaries, and even the general reader knows—for has he not read Plato's "Symposium"—that love and wisdom are both involved in philosophy.

Yet it is really not sufficient to tell the general reader to read Plato's dialogues. Very likely he has already read them. In any case, he knows that for all Plato's eternal modernity, there are issues that even Plato did not touch, and considerations that the rise of modern science and modern society have forced upon philosophical thinking unknown and undreamed in Plato's day. The general reader, moreover, cannot read fiction or poetry in our generation without finding himself in the deep waters of an implied metaphysics, a framework of some assumed cosmology, an expressed or accepted conception of nature, of human nature, or of that life which is the precarious expression of both. The general reader finds little comfort or clarification if he turns to the textbooks. Many who have tried it, are indeed tempted to abandon the quest altogether and listlessly to conclude that philosophy, like classical philology, is simply a dying subject in a university. They are led to the suspicion, at once plausible and unfortunate, that philosophy consists of technical controversies remote from any living or serious issues, and that it had best be left to the professors of the subject who apparently write only for one another.

The fact that the general reader can even entertain these suspicions is a testimony to the recent and artificial isolation that has come over the study and the teaching of philosophy. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the line between philosophy and literature was not clearly drawn. Hume, even at his most technical analysis of the logic of causation, remains invincibly and persuasively a man of letters. Bishop Berkeley persuades by his style as well as by his logic. And it is notorious that philosophy in the eighteenth century in France was the concern at once of men of affairs and ladies in the salon. It was at once important and entertaining. It sought to see all human concerns in the light of Reason, and in the hands of Baron Holbach, La Mettrie, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Diderot, it made the themes of man, reason, and progress interesting as well as instructive. If one goes back a century earlier, who shall say where in England the line is to be drawn between literature and philosophy? There is a whole group of books, Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," Francis Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," which clearly belong in both fields. And in France again, Descartes, Malebranche, Pascal are not for nothing included in the history of French literature.

But there was a time, much earlier, when philosophy and literature were associated in something more than what the practitioners of thought knew how to write, and than what they thought, written down, was literature. Among the Greeks, as even the general reader scarcely needs to be reminded, philosophy was a Way of Life. The issues with which it was concerned were the issues with which serious literature is concerned, the chance of life, the promise or the threat of death, defeat and aspiration, fact and ideal, the individual and his relation to his fellows. If these issues are analytically pressed, they are found to involve, as Plato and Socrates found them to involve, ultimate questions of the nature of existence itself. But philosophy was once in Greece obviously human in its origins and intentions. It shows symptoms of becoming so again.

Now this historical excursus is less beside the point than it may at first appear. The philosopher, if he has not come to be wrapped up in an irresponsible specialty, is still concerned with the human values of philosophical inquiry and meditation. He would like to find a way by which the

Glances at Our Collective Destinies

HEALTH AND ENVIRONMENT. By Edgar Sydenstricker. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOMER N. CALVER

HAVING explored this planet rather thoroughly without finding the fountain of youth, mankind has concluded, for the present era at least, that its best chance for Utopia is improvement of the natural environment.

One cannot read Mr. Sydenstricker's meticulous study without a profound feeling that we have made little headway—in spite of central heating (or to be modern and seasonal, central cooling). Probably one big reason for this feeling is the necessity which every public health student has for using the negative criterion of sickness and death to measure the health of the population. It is as if we had to analyze the failures of a senior class when we were trying to study the reasons for the success of the graduates. Until some satisfactory measure of the positive criterion of health has been devised, we must continue to study morbidity and mortality rates, attempt to correlate them with measurable factors, and identify, if possible, known constants and variables. Then, if we can prove that factor X produces a high morbidity or mortality, we can assume that the absence of factor X or the presence of a contrary factor Y produces a degree of health more or less high. All of which is very unsatisfactory to the suburbanite who wants a quick answer to his question "Is it healthier to live in Westchester or on Long Island?"

Mr. Sydenstricker finds it necessary to deal with the old riddle of the relative importance of heredity and environment. He devotes the first chapter to this question but with a continuing eye to the lurking, unconvinced hereditarian refers to the influence of heredity from time to time throughout his monograph. Nearly a third of the book is in fact devoted to a discussion of the nature of health, the trend of mortality, and other background material. When he deals specifically with the sub-

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A Laugh in Every Line

HEAVY WEATHER. By P. G. Wodehouse. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. WODEHOUSE'S latest deals with the further adventures of the manuscript of the Hon. Galahad Threepwood's reminiscences—those recollections of riotous young men in London in the nineties, the mere threat of whose publication made cold chills run up and down the spine of many a gray-haired and respectable member of the British nobility and gentry. In fact, the story is only a continuation of "Fish Preferred" which appeared three or four years ago; and it is proof of Mr. Wodehouse's genius that while the first thirty or forty pages are hardly more than a synopsis of the previous volume, even in that synopsis there is a laugh in almost every line.

To describe the book like this is impossible; you probably won't remember what it is about from chapter to chapter, and that will not matter in the least. It need only be said that in the opinion of this reviewer, a veteran Wodehouse addict, it is the funniest book that even the Old Master ever wrote. His eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated; but like that other Old Master, Christy Mathewson, he has learned the art of economy of effort. This story is set at Blandings Castle, the scene of "Fish Preferred," "Leave it to Psmith," and probably three or four more that escape the reviewer's memory for the moment; and most of its characters are old friends. Every novel needs a new set of juvenile leads, the young lovers whose troubled history is the thread on which Wodehouse's pearls are strung; but he replaces the young lovers he wore out in the last story with a fresh pair as easily as he replaces a worn-out ribbon in his typewriter, and goes right on from there with the well oiled and smoothly running machine.

So here is the old familiar cast—the Hon. Galahad, ex-rounder, who would pause in his escape from a burning house to recount a good anecdote that happened to pop into his mind; his woolly and wobbly brother Clarence, ninth Earl of Ems-

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ARNOLD BENNETT
By DOROTHY CHESTON BENNETT

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general reader may be introduced to those questions which philosophy tries rather more stringently than the literature of entertainment to clarify, and to discipline the reader, insofar as may be, to such technical devices and logical exactitudes as any serious thinking necessarily involves. Time and again professional philosophers have tried their hands at an Introduction to Philosophy, and both they and their readers have come to despair. I think it hardly an exaggeration to say that there is no single volume called Introduction to Philosophy or a title more calculated to win the attention and interest of the general reader, that appears to any philosopher except the author to be an adequate introduction to the subject. For one thing, philosophy, unlike any other "subject," is largely what any given philosopher thinks it to be. The reader picking up an Astronomy, Chemistry, or Geology is not likely to go far wrong in guessing what sort of thing he will encounter (though ever since physics has taken to becoming philosophical, after a fashion, Physics on the outside of a book may turn out, as it is largely in Eddington, to be an Introduction to Immanuel Kant, or theology, or God). It is not so simple in philosophy. For some reputable philosophers, philosophy is primarily a method of analysis, and an Introduction in their hands will be an initiation into the procedure of generalized thinking. It will be an education in methodology; a tract on philosophical good form. For others, an Introduction to Philosophy is an introduction to the various more or less finished verbal schemes (with some ism as their title) which try to reduce the universe to an order, to express its system and to assign or divine its meaning. Naturalism and supernaturalism, realism and idealism, pragmatism, instrumentalism, in the field of metaphysics; absolution, relativism, utilitarianism, epicureanism, in morals—there are philosophers who believe that if the reader can only be led to peruse this engaging variety of systems he will ultimately be led to the one to which most emphasis is given.

Now any philosopher is inevitably a propagandist, for any philosophy is a perspective on existence, and one cannot even render other people's perspectives without revealing one's own. It is not because the reader is offered one system rather than another that the traditional *Einleitung in die Philosophie* is suspect. It is because philosophy is presented as a closed architecture, a building with the doors and windows sealed and the blinds drawn, and cut off from the living light and air. It is not again because of their insistence on precision of method that those Introductions that emphasize method are suspect. It is because these two may make the reader imagine that philosophy is nothing *but* a method, in the air and in the abstract, that it is form but the form of nothing, method but a method without ground in experience and without consequences in conduct.

The more auspicious path would seem to lie in the direction of those discussions of philosophy which try to study it in its human origins and its human significance. Such an approach may err in the direction of turning speculation into merely a more abstract form of belles lettres, ignored by the literary public and reviled by the logicians. But to treat philosophy humanely does not necessarily mean to treat it loosely; to be human is not necessarily to be incoherent. To the knowledge of the writer no genuinely humanistic approach to philosophy at present exists, and (as a midsummer afternoon's dream of a philosopher) it is submitted that if it did exist it might take something like the following direction:

It would begin, this not impossible *Initiation Philosophique*, by reminding the reader that philosophical thinking is simply one form, though a highly sophisticated one, of human thinking. It would aim to show how philosophy originates in those indecisions and perplexities which provoke the mind and imagination when the grosser immediate practical demands of life and society permit a little space and leisure, when the conventions of habit and tradition do not to the reflective mind account for the facts or give an adequate rationale to the accepted ways of living. It would trace the origins of philosophy out of scepticism, for, though no less a person than Aristotle said it was wonder out of which philosophy grew, it may no less truly be said to grow out of scepticism. For it is query of established moral clichés that generates that search for new standards, more satisfying to rational inquiry, out of which the problem of morals arises and the conception of a Good Life emerged Plato to the World of Ideas and indirectly instigated Aristotle to his Forms, and drives physicists and philosophers to the present time to hunt for something that, as Eddington says, may be called "Reality, Loud Cheer!"

PHILOSOPHY AND THE GENERAL READER
Drawn by William Rose Benét

The reader ought not, in this dreamed of Introduction, to be left simply with such a psycho-genesis of speculation. He ought to be inducted into the issues raised by the natural scepticisms of the human mind and the native uneasiness of the human heart among time and change and things. The explanation of how the problems of philosophy arise is easy enough. Their [illegible] While philosophy may, in the hands of professionals, become unduly technical and fantastically verbal, one of the obligations of any honest introduction to philosophic thought is a scrupulous display of the contradictions and difficulties in which any thinking on major issues inevitably involves the inquiring spirit. There is, as Morris R. Cohen (and Hegel before him) points out, an inevitable antinomy in thinking, a polarity involved in any consideration of any issue. Any thesis involves an antithesis, and the mind in trying to frame some new synthesis in which these opposites are reconciled, finds still another opposite developing. Change involves the unchanging, time implies timelessness, and beginnings, ends. Sustained thinking on the major issues of nature and life, if it is to be more than mere vague soothsaying, must subject its vision to discipline, observe the meaning of what it thinks and the consequences logically involved in what it proposes as an avenue to truth. An Introduction to Philosophy, therefore, must be not simply the expression of a *Weltanschauung*, or a view, however noble, of the world. It must be itself an illustration of that careful and responsible procedure, that self-critical reflection, which has marked the classic philosophers. Spinoza had, as even the general reader knows, a vision of the universe, as intelligible nature or God, of which all events and facts were the inevitable expression. But how that nature could be understood and how through that understanding man might escape from human bondage into freedom,—that intuition is developed by the most rigorous logical demonstration, the vision is almost geometrically arrived at.

The method of philosophy, its technique of intellectual self-criticism, our Utopian Introduction must inculcate by being itself an illustration of it. That is on two grounds no easy matter. Even the trained philosopher finds such aseptic thinking stringent and taxing enough. It is, moreover, no easy matter to convey and communicate such discipline to readers who are willing enough to be converted to a vision but not willing to pay the price in the ardors and endurances of thought. The best celebration of Spinoza's three hundredth birthday last year might have been the study of his works. It was easier to read Renan's eloquent tribute at The Hague half a century ago or to attend dinners and festivals. William James has given many a reader a sense of the philosophical vision; he would have been less widely read, had he been as insistent on the philosophic method and enterprise.

There are, moreover, issues to which reflection inevitably leads the philosopher that, quite apart from fastidiousness of method, are difficult and for the evasion of which there are no royal detours. A Will Durant or a Lewis Browne may dramatize or melodramatize the life of Spinoza, but, save for those trained to the subtler suspense of thought, there is no drama in the system of thought nor any minimizing the difficulty of the central issues in Spinoza's metaphysics. For it is to metaphysics, a consideration of the fundamental character of being itself, that philosophy is ultimately driven. For how can the philosopher speak with assurance of the good in this world until he has thought through what good is and the nature of that universe to which it is relevant. There is no peace to the philosopher until he has made his peace with the ultimate, and the ultimate is not an easy matter to speak of simply and clearly.

Our imagined Introduction to Philosophy for the general reader will require, therefore, that the latter be willing to be a particularly careful one and to sacrifice more than a little, concessions to his taste or to his indolence. But it may promise him and indeed give him rewards. The ideal Introduction which we are here meditating (for all its emphasis on method and for all its frank grappling with ultimate issues in terms which the classic philosophers have faced them) will not be a slave to method or to metaphysics for their own sakes. No one knows better than the historian of philosophy how [illegible] must return if it is not to drown. The difficulties of philosophy are the price of its high ambitions, its desire to think clearly about first and last things. But the aspirations of philosophy are simple and humane enough. It would be treachery to the great philosophical tradition to leave the reader to imagine that philosophy is a mere technique or pretentious speculation about remote themes. Even Spinoza called his rigorous work an "Ethics," which it was. He hoped that reason might liberate mankind from pleasures frivolous and dubious, to the joy of a constant vision of eternal truth. Plato, though he naturally cannot avoid abstruse metaphysical considerations before he is through, was primarily concerned with a vision of the good life in the just state.

The author of our philosophical initiation thus will have to exhibit philosophy, too, in its moral intentions and its social origins and influences. He will have, as Socrates is reputed to have done, to bring philosophy down from heaven to earth and to make it live among the actual haunts of men. He will have to show, not without historical illustration, how philosophy has tried, often consciously, and in any case always implicitly, to frame a picture of the universe, a vision in the light of which amidst the exigencies and perils of his life, the ambiguity of his impulses, and the hardening routine of his habits, a man might more fully and rationally live. Philosophy will thus have to be displayed, not simply as the solitary explorations of gifted speculative spirits into the thin air of the ultimate, but as the expression, like poetry and art and religion, of the ideals of a class or a country or a culture or a civilization. However far into the stratosphere philosophers may ascend, their fuel and their instruments have a social origin and their observations a social reference.

Finally, philosophy must be treated for what in its ultimate import it is: a synthesis, an insight, an act of vision. It does not matter how laborious be the intellectual steps involved in the arrival at that insight, nor how much the perspective is conditioned by the class and period out of

Or the reader may be invited to follow the origins of philosophy in history and in the individual psyche when for some reason the senses themselves come to be suspect, the stick looks broken in water, the mirror distorts the image in reflection, or when reason comes to question the paradoxes reason itself erects. Out of such natural uncertainties and difficulties arose, and in many individuals arise again, those ambiguities which theories of knowledge and theories of logic try to deal with. Or again the birth of speculation may be studied in those curious discoveries, familiar to the layman and certainly to the poet, when the line between appearance and reality, between shadow and substance, between dream and waking, seems very fine and very indeterminate, when the mind looks beyond the changing and the precarious to something changeless, ultimate, and real. The reader may be led gradually but clearly to realize how all sensibility to time and change might, carefuly nurtured, become a kind of metaphysics, a consideration of the nature of Being itself. And he may be shown how in the history of philosophy it was precisely that search for something beyond the untrustworthy immediate that

Landscape

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

WHEN apple-trees like naked girls
Laugh gay beneath the sun,
And the more sober chestnut lifts
Its candles one by one,

And the grey hillsides turn to brown
Behind the deep-sunk plow,
And green begins to haunt the birch
White on the hilltop's brow,

And every lilac is in flower—
Then steel your heart for pain
As the inexorable power
Of life blooms back again.

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which a philosopher writes, his ultimate contribution is a point of view as direct, as innocent, and as ultimate as that of a poet. Only the range of his imagination is wider than that of most poets, and he takes the universe and not a rosebud as his object and his theme. To be introduced to philosophy is to be introduced to the possibility of framing (with the aid of those who have tried and within a measure achieved it) a total and steady perspective on the world in which we live. Philosophy is, in this sense, simply poetry, comprehensive, systematic, and profound.

And finally, the general reader need not be surprised nor should he be disappointed if he senses at the end of some such Introduction to Philosophy a residual feeling of something unattained and something unexpressed. For in broaching the ultimate, the thinker skirts the infinite. In essaying to come to grips with all that there is in heaven and earth, he knows that there is more than can be dreamed or certainly expressed in philosophy at all. For philosophy is language, all language is periphrastic, and when thought has gone as far as thought can reach, there is something left unsayable and perhaps (for the line between thought and language is very fine) ultimately unthinkable. Just as even the most vivid poem lets something of the actual brightness slip between its fingers, so, too, with philosophy. The Absolute can be suggested; it cannot really be uttered. Our Introduction will have succeeded if it brings the reader as close to the ultimate as candor and precision of thought can bring him. It will then have suggested that "something far more deeply interfused," which is beyond even the most arduous thought and the most rigorous speech. Long ago it was said that philosophy is the love of wisdom; wisdom is of the gods.

Irwin Edman is professor of philosophy at Columbia University, a poet, and a novelist.

A Laugh in Every Line

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worth, who long ago forgot his addiction to horticulture and became devoted to pigs; his dinosauric sister Lady Constance Keeble, his more subtly poisonous sister Lady Julia Fish; Beach the butler, sorely tried in his endeavor to display the proper feudal loyalty to all the members of the family; and Empress of Blandings, the prize sow, to whom alone of living creatures the semi-potty ninth Earl was devoted. Not to overlook their neighbor Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe, Bart., of Matchingham Hall, unjustly suspected of an ambition to nobble the Empress; and the ineffable perisher P. Frobisher Pilbeam, proprietor of the Argus Detective Agency; all of whom, thank God, end the story in

P. G. WODEHOUSE

good condition and ready for more service whenever Mr. Wodehouse gets rested up.

True, something has happened — it would be unfair to say what—to the manuscript of the Hon. Galahad's reminiscences; but that is no irreparable loss. It used to be said that if every copy of the Bible in the world were destroyed, the complete text of Holy Writ could be recovered from the memories of the devout. So this reviewer, and no doubt thousands of other Wodehouse fans, could reproduce most of the Hon. Galahad's manuscript from the scattered excerpts in this and previous volumes. But when is Mr. Wodehouse going to tell us the story of Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe and the prawns? Heard melodies are sweet but those unheard are sweeter, and any other author would be well advised to be content with the dark adumbrations of that episode that have been scattered about through "Heavy Weather" and "Fish Preferred." But one has every confidence that if Wodehouse ever happened to feel like divulging it, it would be fully worthy of the advance publicity.

Whimsy at the Wheel

THE SOFT SPOT. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

STEPHEN WAIN had a soft spot—he yielded easily to temptation; in his early years he was mildly dishonest, mildly a parasite. He was also, as a fictional character, so mildly dead in the opening chapters that the book seemed ideal reading for a breathless August; here (I thought) one can turn the pages in a kind of trance, unheated by emotion, untroubled by curiosity.

But all too soon a dolorous bee began to buzz—the bee of Whimsy, which sings under the bonnet of every English romantic. Stephen's brother—the famous explorer, Maxwell Wain—bought an estate with the dreadful name of "Shipmates," which belonged to an impoverished and (I fear) improbable family called Fearless; and, having bought it, presently departed for one more trek into the hinterlands of Peru. He was reported dead, Stephen, assuming that "Shipmates" would now be his, went out to find the body; but discovered not a corpse but a canister, and in the canister a will, leaving everything to the young Fearless heir. Half-determined to conceal the will, he returned to England.

And there he found his brother, miraculously escaped from death, and ready to marry the widowed Lady Fearless. So on the eve of this marriage, Stephen allowed his brother to break his neck in the hunting field over a particularly bad piece of wire, avoided the importunities of a whimsical blackmailer called Isthmus, and took possession of "Shipmates."

Years passed. Married now and a father, Stephen was still haunted by that will, which he had not the heart to destroy, and which stayed in his deed box as a perpetual reminder of his villainy. So at last he fled to Malay, where he met a lady called Marion, who swam straight out to sea in search of the subconscious. Before her taking off, however, she begged Stephen to return to England, and look up a certain Sim Paris.

Sim Paris, the itinerant preacher, is a composite and familiar pest. He is made up—as to one half, of the beloved Vagabond, and, as to the other half, of all those disingenuous half-wits who trouble the lower reaches of English romantic fiction. He is Whimsy incarnate — a muscular Christian, eminently unquotable; he refers to the crucifix on his caravan walls as "that stuff." Needless to say he converted Stephen Wain in very short order; just in time for Stephen to rescue the will from a convenient fire at "Shipmates," hand it to the rightful heir, and die of his burns "happy . . . happy . . . happy."

One does not wish to be captious with English romantics like M. Hutchinson—apparently they know whereof they speak. Indeed, I have it on the best authority that many a hard-bitten fox-hunter dropped tears into his evening brandy over "If Winter Comes," that baffling masterpiece whose meaning eluded so many of us. No doubt the same kind of audience will find Stephen Wain a solace during the coming season: there may even be an audience for him in America. And why not? *Chacun a sa marotte,* as M. Renoir said to Mr. George Moore—everyone has a soft spot somewhere.

Charles Morgan has won the Hawthornden Prize with his novel "The Fountain," and is the only author to win this coveted prize and the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize —awarded for his "Portrait in a Mirror."

Inconsequent Fate

SNOWS OF HELICON. By H. M. Tomlinson. New York: Harper & Bros. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MR. TOMLINSON cannot make any of his characters say obvious things. A commonplace person may be intended, but in his hands it becomes an oddity, an alien in a duller world. The sea, the fog, the tropical forest, are always whispering and suggesting. The thread of this story concerns a musing architect who hears in Liverpool of a colonnaded temple to Apollo, on a Greek island, that is to be dynamited in order to make room for a wireless station, by the agents of a great industrialist, one Lord Snarge. Therefore he dreamily leaves his wife in the lurch at the railway station and goes to the Caribbean to find Lord Snarge, but apparently does not find him on account of revolutions.

H. M. TOMLINSON

The vagueness of the dreamer finds its way into the story. Space and time are jumped between chapters. It is the mind and not the outward event that is important. The story is exciting in places, but it moves in the shadow of curious thought. The architect is not out of his wits, but he is absent. The unexpected things he says and does are due to his distance. The thought which moves him is how to save at least one beautiful thing surviving in this hard, bitter, mechanical, hard-boiled modern world, before he goes out into somewhere, or nowhere.

He comes finally to the Greek island and is dynamited along with the temple. Mr. Tomlinson does not often write fiction, and with him it does not greatly matter what thread his mind follows, whether fiction, or travel, or a theme. He is a companion worth going with wherever he goes and as long as he chooses to go.

The World His Oyster

ISLANDS UNDER THE WIND. By Hassoldt Davis. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES NORMAN HALL

MR. DAVIS'S islands are, chiefly, Tahiti and Bali. Here he made his longest sojourns, on his journey around the world, and his book is, largely, a record of his experiences, impressions, and observations in these two places. "This," Mr. Davis says, in effect, "is Tahiti. This is Fiji; this Bali." And so each was, for him, and decidedly picturesque and amusing places as seen through his eyes. One reader, at least, found himself following these wanderings with enjoyment, reflecting, meanwhile, that the best of all times of travelling in the flesh is during the late 'teens or the early twenties. It is not likely, for example, that any stodgy traveller of forty would have seen Sydney after his fashion.

The choice of Sydney's alleys for exploration rather than of the would-be-imposing streets, is typical of this wanderer. He cared little about the fronts that cities, towns, or islands presented to the world; he wanted to see "the backs of the fronts" and, apparently, the shoestring carpet needed no guiding hand to turn it into back streets, squalid and picturesque and teeming with life; into small thatched huts in the depths of tropical valleys—in any direction, in fact, save toward the well-kept residencies of island administrators and the sumptuous plazas before the tourist hotels. And, delicately balanced upon it, his battered little portable typewriter open on his knees, rode Mr. Davis, looking to right and left with keen interested eyes, then turning to the machine itself, his eyes alight and his brow wrinkled as he pounded the keys, the sweat dripping on the page before him. Many of his descriptions are remarkably vivid ones; they are not to be skipped as one skips word pictures in most travel books. This is a refreshing book—at least, I found it so. It is not so much for young men as for elderly ones who did not travel then, have forgotten what they saw and did, and what a glorious time they had.

His publishers tell us that Mr. Davis, after two years and a half at Harvard, left the university because he wanted to write. It would be interesting if the Davis who might have remained at Harvard could meet the one who did not, to compare notes. I wonder which would be farther advanced toward craftsmanship in writing? I incline to think it would be the one who curbed his impatience and took his degree. The world would still have been his oyster, and he might have opened it to better purpose.

* *

James Norman Hall, whose "Mutiny on the Bounty," written in collaboration with Charles Nordhoff, was one of the noteworthy books of last year, has, ever since he left France at the end of the war, been a resident of Tahiti.

A Neurotic Heroine

THE WOODEN DOCTOR. By Margiad Evans. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

IF sincerity were the sole requisite of a novelist, Miss Evans could immediately take her place among the finest practitioners of the craft; unfortunately, there are other indispensables.

The heroine of this purely autobiographical effort had a pretty tough time: her father was a drunkard, her family life was a bedlam; at sixteen she was engaged by a French boarding school that seemed diabolically designed to cramp the spirit and the mind. At seventeen, with a well-developed neurosis, the realization that she loved the family doctor, a man thirty years her senior, became crystallized, with attendant emotional agony and mental torture. The neurosis was so far developed that she spent time in hospital, undergoing physically torturesome examinations as well; she was discharged—nothing organically wrong could be discovered. Finally she met Oliver Austen; with astonishment she discovered herself still capable of emotion, and physical consummation was achieved. Her heart once more light, she returned home to marry Oliver; on the street she encountered "The Wooden Doctor" of the title, who had assumed her useless father's place in her life. "It looks absurd written down, the conviction that I could not marry any other man."

One of the reasons that it looks absurd is that despite sincerity of a high order and a literary style that is ingratiating and at times pleasantly limpid, there is not one glimmer of humor to lighten this sad recital of a story that is after all part of all human experience. Miss Evans seems to have no perspective on the emotional problem posed: hence no least ability to handle it.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Feeding Knowledge to the Public

It is one of the ironies of present-day society that information never was so cheap and wisdom so much at a premium. Facts in a profusion never before known to history are the property of the man in the street. The modern applications of science, the radio, the movie, the linotype machine, the telegraph, and telephone have today put knowledge that formerly took long years to seep down to the multitude into the possession of everyone almost as soon as the specialists have been apprised of it. The fact of its rapid dissemination has added enormously to the problems of government and industry, for society is awake to conditions as never before and rushes in with variant opinions on every matter under the stars. For the moment, to be sure, the public has consented to abrogate its individualism and to allow the authorities to dictate policy, but this suspension of the right to personal judgment is in itself only evidence to the amount of information—as well as the lack of sufficient information—at the command of the average person. He has been so lavishly furnished with data on the affairs of the day as to recognize his utter unpreparedness to deal with them. Truly, he is as sick that surfeits with too much as he that starves on nothing. Your man in the street has had facts hurled at him with such velocity and in such numbers as to be, when not benumbed, frankly bemused as to how to resolve the problems which throng in upon him.

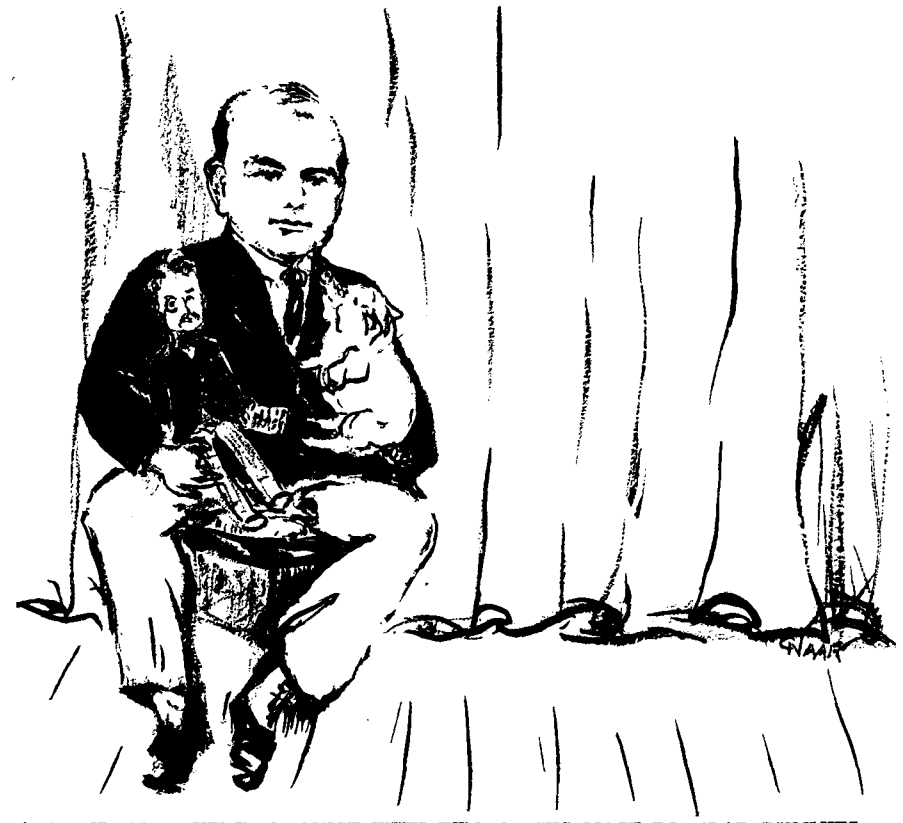
There can be small doubt that for some years to come the questions of highest significance before the country will lie in the field of politics—in its broadest sense—and economics. Publishers' lists and library patronage, those subtle indexes to the popular interest, forecast the rising concern with these subjects. There is an increasing demand for books dealing with international affairs, with matters of domestic policy, for studies of industrial and social nature, for factual works that may be supposed to cast light upon the perplexities of the instant. The depression, of course, has something to do with this demand, not only because it has inclined a large number of persons to seek the means to vocational education but also because it has conferred a troublesome idleness on many who seek in reading a resource against all ills and seize the opportunity to gratify an eager interest in public affairs. But it is fair to assume that the habitually more or less casual reader is feeling the impact of the enormous problems of the day to a degree where he wants enlightenment in regard to them and is seeking for it not only in newspapers but in books.

It is, then, the hour of the writers on what have hitherto been regarded as rather special and scientific subjects. But if these writers are to realize to the full their opportunities two things are essential. The one that they spare no pains to make their studies readable, and the other that their academic colleagues cease from looking with suspicion upon their works merely because they are written with a liveliness that disguises their learning. It should go without saying that the first prerequisite of any informative treatise is clarity. But clarity is all the better for having style to give it verve, and the more intrinsically difficult the subject matter of literary productions the more necessary it is to maintain the interest in their facts by the animation of their presentation. Scholars have been wont to look askance upon the popularizer, and with good reason, it must frequently be admitted. But the trouble has been, not with popularizing, but with those who have done it. Nothing can be more important than their task. The accurate student who can and will popularize his knowledge is in a position today to bestow an inestimable boon upon the community. Power to his elbow.

Hands Across the Seas

American scholars have always labored under a disadvantage as against foreign in that so large an amount of source material is contained in European libraries and private collections and is available for their research only at a great expenditure of time and money. As a result American writing has suffered doubly, first because the temptation to include in minutest detail what is so difficult of access tends to over-meticulousness in documentation and summary, and again because lack of frequent opportunity to make use of the material and the necessity of culling its riches at high speed leads to superficiality. The difficulties of the scholars are now in fair way of improvement, for there is in existence and increasing use a camera which at a nominal price per page reproduces in miniature the material hitherto only to be consulted where it is housed. As many as 8,000 exposures can be made a day, and the photofilm can be filed and projected at will.

The Library of Congress, quick to see the importance of such an instrument, has had its agents at work throughout Europe, and is amassing treasures for the scholar. Manuscripts relating to the United States have been photographed literally by the hundreds of thousands in the various countries of Europe and placed for reference in Washington, whence they have on occasions been circulated to other libraries. Individual research workers, too, have transported to this country documents necessary for their studies, which if not thus available, would have required prolonged residence abroad. It is only a matter of time, in all probability, before the American scholar will find it possible to pursue his investigations in his own home, or at least in his university library, with as complete access to documentary material as though he were in the British Museum or the Vatican Library. The cabin steamship lines ought to look with respect on the camera as a rival.



A CELEBRATED VENTRILOQUIST WITH TWO OF HIS MOST POPULAR DUMMIES—
P. G. Wodehouse, the Hon. Galahad Threepwood, and the Empress of Blandings

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE SNOWS OF HELICON. By H. M. Tomlinson. *Harpers.* Nothing as a novel but distinguished in writing and thought.

RIO GRANDE. By Harvey Fergusson. *Knopf.* A description of the Southwest in the early days.

LETTERS OF SUSAN HALE. *Houghton Mifflin.* A new edition of those vivacious letter picturing American celebrities of half a century ago.

This Less Recent Book:

REVOLT IN THE DESERT. By T. E. Lawrence. *Doubleday, Doran.* An epic of the war in the East.

To the Editor: *Concerning a Debtor Class*

Not Nonsense

Sir: In his review of "The Internal Debts of the United States" in your issue of June 24, Lawrence Dennis says: "Evans Clark in his introductory chapter on the Nation's Total Internal Debts makes an artful but unsuccessful attempt to dispose of the debt difficulty by saying that 'There is no debtor class any more than there is a creditor class in the United States. Most of us are both at the same time.' Such a statement is nonsense. One is a creditor or a debtor according to one's net position on balance."

What Mr. Dennis says in his last sentence is just what Mr. Clark says in the remarks immediately following the words Mr. Dennis quotes. In order to exhibit the injustice here committed I must ask you to permit me to quote in full the passage concerned: "There is no 'debtor class' any more than there is a 'creditor class' in the United States. Most of us are both at the same time. We are creditors in relation to our bank which owes us the money we deposited, to the corporation whose bonds we hold, and to our insurance company which owes us the paid-up value of our policies. We are debtors to the holder of the mortgage on our home, to the company that finances the purchase of our car or piano, and to the bank from which we have borrowed to tide over some personal or business emergency.

"The nation's chief debtors are not individuals at all but insurance companies, banks, railroads, and industrial corporations. If one were to buttonhole the first thousand people one met on a New York street corner and to ask each one whether he was more of a debtor than a creditor one might well find creditorship to predominate. Even the farmer, who is looked upon as the nation's most militant debtor, is also often a creditor as well—especially to the insurance company and bank. Farmers themselves also hold 14 per cent of the mortgages of, and are creditors to, other farmers."

This may be all wrong, but it is not nonsense, and particularly not the imbecile nonsense which your reviewer charges. To point out other extravagant dicta in Mr. Dennis's article would require more space than you can afford. Moreover, I am afraid that I am disqualified for the rôle of critic, since I was for a time a university professor and therefore one of the "scholarly pensioners of usury." Mr. Dennis is within his rights in regarding professors as humble servants of the money power; for does not everybody know that in the Victorian days our academic teachers of free trade were the salaried hirelings of British gold?

Fabian Franklin.

Ridgefield, Conn.

Hence These Tears

Sir: I am still struggling along, trying to make sense out of some of the most peculiar writing it ever has been my fortune to read in a literary journal, without more than a limited degree of success. For instance, the following from a review of "The Odyssey" of Lawrence: "Wherever choice offered between a poor and a rich word richness had it; to raise the color I have transposed: the order of metrical Greek being unlike plain English. Not that my English is plain enough." Sometimes I think I understand, rather by intuition than by any knowledge of English that may be mine; but, because I read for entertainment, and to break the monotony of a prosaic life, it does seem that peculiar construction, unusual words and phrases should be the exception rather than the rule. Such as "burked," "the seed of pathos," I have conceded "tenter-hooks." It is my own limitations with which I must live, and move and have my being, of course; hence, "these tears"!

G. E. Harter.

Los Angeles, Calif.

The Devil Was In It

Sir: In my review of Mr. Francis Stuart's "Try the Sky" I wrote that his earlier novels had shown "a mystic self-abasement that called to mind Dostoievsky." By some really remarkable operation of Freudianism in the composing-room, this appeared as "a masochistic self-abasement." I am asking the favor of space for this correction, for I should be sorry indeed to give the impression that I had tried to explain the deeply religious feeling apparent in Mr. Stuart's novels in terms of popularized pathology.

Basil Davenport.

Pemaquid Point, Maine.

German Errors Too

Sir: In his rather devastating criticism of "Everyman's Encyclopædia," published in your journal some time ago, Mr. H. L. Pangborn says he has noticed a few slips in the German encyclopædias — chiefly typographical. We are all ashamed of the too numerous errors in our American works of reference, and are ready to concede high rating to the careful, painstaking labors of foreign scholars.

Let me quote, however, from Meyer's Konversations-Lexikon, Vol. 9, page 465, article on Kansas:—"grenzt westlich an Idaho." Farther on: "Den Südwesten des Staates bildet der obere Arkansas mit seinem Nebenfluss, dem Neosho." And other hazards, concerning relative fertility of soil, heat, cold, snowfall, and so forth. All of which are for the native a loud raucous laugh. For the writer of this article does not even check his geography by the map, although he does refer the reader to a map in vol. 16. Even this map shows gross inaccuracies. Personal experience, together with local and State records, disclose the invalidity of his other "facts."

These patent misstatements can hardly be called "slips," in Mr. Pangborn's meaning. Errors there are, even in Meyer, and omissions, even in Brockhaus.

Frederick Williams Pierce.

The Pennsylvania State College.

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Our Collective Destinies

(*Continued from first page*)

ject of environment and health, one is discouraged over the possibility of valid deductions considering the myriads of environmental influences, both physical and social, to which *homo sapiens* is exposed. The paucity of reliable data, and the practically insurmountable difficulties of applying the experimental method, do not invite the amateur investigator.

Mr. Sydenstricker nevertheless makes a tremendously important contribution in selecting the significant data, and one feels that here is a statistician who is fully aware of the misleading possibilities which statistics have for proving that the moon is made of green cheese. This critical ability qualifies the author most highly to work with the President's Research Committee on Social Trends.

"Health and Environment" is one of several monographs growing out of the studies of this Committee. Because of the character of the general study it is appropriate that emphasis in this monograph is on social environment rather than on physical environment. This in itself identifies a new milepost in public health consciousness.

The first phase of public health control —the engineer's phase—dealt with the physical environment—water supply and purification, sewage disposal, and a general policing up of the refuse of the Middle Ages. The second phase—the doctor's phase—dealt with personal hygiene and prophylaxis—toxin-antitoxin, diet, tonsils, and physical examination. The high priests of the third phase, which will deal with the social environment, have not yet been identified. They will probably be recruited from the ranks of the politicians who put their trust in brains.

"Health and Environment" should be a valuable guide book for a planned economy. It is a book which has needed writing for a long time, if only to show the wide open spaces in our knowledge of a subject which has long engaged the speculations of professional and amateur philosophers. It is a sound scientific survey of a popular mental playland.

Goiter is prevalent in the Great Lakes District because the water supply is deficient in iodine; hookworm is, or was, rampant in the South because of primitive sanitary arrangements and a warm, moist climate which kept the infant hookworm on the surface of the ground and made shoes of little importance; pellegra occurs in certain communities under certain conditions. Such snatches here and there of negative relationships between environment and health are about all we can count on in evaluating the effect of geographical environment.

It seems that it is healthier for some people to live in the country than in the city. But why is not certain. Indeed the author with scientific canniness does not explain the "whys." He weighs the evidence and presents that which seems to him sound. Segregation of social environmental factors presents untold difficulties and no one has yet solved the problem of whether the illness which is associated with low income and a consequent low standard of living is due to the low income, or whether the low income is due to a low degree of vitality.

However groping a treatise on the subject must be at this stage of our knowledge, Mr. Sydenstricker clearly and definitely establishes the position of a few fixed stars to guide future explorers.

For sociologists, social workers, sanitarians, statisticians, statesmen, and all others whose role it is to guide our collective destinies, "Health and Environment" is an indispensable text book which cannot in good judgment be omitted from their libraries. The casual reader will find the relationship between human beings and environment treated more poetically by Mr. Sydenstricker's distinguished sister, Pearl Buck.

Homer N. Calver is a sanitarian who has had extensive experience as director of the American Red Cross Health Service, as a professor of hygiene, as editor of journals on public health, and as an officer of the American sanitary corps in France during the war years.

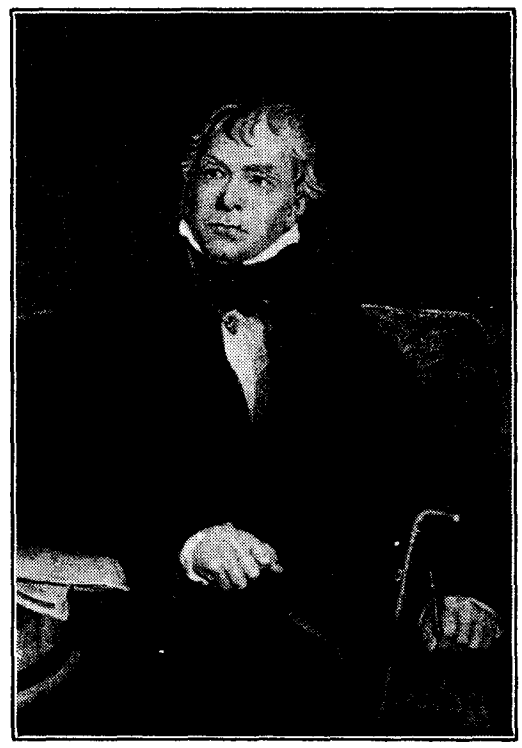
In His Habit As He Lived

THE LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. By H. J. C. Grierson. Vols. I and II. London: Constable & Co. 1932.

Reviewed by E. PRESTON DARGAN
University of Chicago

OF all the publications surrounding the centenary of Scott's death, Professor Grierson's monumental edition of the "Letters" is the most imposing and the most promising. There has been no undertaking comparable to the ten projected volumes of this correspondence, over half of which is freshly drawn from manuscript sources. Professor Grierson's care and resourcefulness as an editor have been well supplemented by his strategical position at Edinburgh, by several lucky "finds," and by the wide circle of collectors and connoisseurs who have furnished new material. The results are already visible. As Scotchman and as writer, Sir Walter's figure takes on a reality and a variety that even Lockhart had not given him.

Were it not for Scott's abounding energy, the number of his correspondents and the growing volume of his letters would, as in the case of Voltaire, be matter for amazement. For these first two volumes alone, over two-score manuscript collections have been laid under contribution, while printed sources are reckoned at about half that number. The latter have often misdated, truncated, or garbled the originals; and Lockhart himself, with his ideas of correct English and gentility, was guilty of some surprising "manipulations." Part of Professor Grierson's heavy task has been to restore, wherever available, the true text, with all of Scott's carefree quaintness in spelling and punctuation. The editor has also labored, in numerous footnotes, to explain allusions and to amplify background. Fortunately, he was aided in this by the great Walpole Collection (of letters to Scott), which should also be published in its entirety.



SIR WALTER SCOTT
From a portrait by Lawrence

Although there are tokens that some of this letter-writing, to blue-stockings or favor-seekers, became a burden, Scott declares in one place that not a few of his "most valuable literary connections and private friendships" were formed through correspondence. Among the names that figure largely in the Grierson edition are Lady Abercorn, patroness and *confidante* on many occasions; "John Morritt, to whom he writes more constantly and more openly than to any one, except it be Lady Louisa Stuart"; Joanna Baillie, the dramatist, and Anna Seward, although his admiration for the latter lady was somewhat tempered by her incessancy. We should add to the list antiquarian discussions with Surtees and missives on legal matters to Charles Erskine, the Sheriff-substitute.

The letters to most of these and to many lesser folk are marked by a constant helpfulness, loyalty, and generosity both in will and deed. As for hospitality, Scott frequently urges his correspondents to visit him; thirty-two people were once crowded into the cottage at Ashetiel.

Probably in the interest of the gentle reader, the editor has printed "only a fraction" of Scott's letters on business matters, while Lockhart had made a still greater suppression. This seems a questionable policy, in view of the important trends discernible in Professor Grierson's new material. Space is lacking to do more than suggest the multifarious activities represented. These include not only "the purchase of land, the planting and building, the electioneering . . .," but also the management of his farm, his duties as sheriff of Roxburghshire and as Clerk of Session, and particularly the gradual displacement of law by literature as a business venture. It is revealed that whether in setting forth his prospects to his brother-in-law or in soliciting the patronage of Lady Abercorn and others, Scott had usually a sharp eye to the main chance. In none of these matters does he show a mean or haggling spirit. He wanted the lucre to acquire an estate; but he wanted the estate for the benefit of his children and his guests, as well as to project the aura of the "Laird" beyond the humble figure of the Writer to the Signet.

Hence arose what Professor Grierson esteems "the tragic error of Scott's life"—a perfect example of Aristotelian "frailty." Weary of the law, finding that his poems brought him in "fairy-gold," believing himself an expert in the book trade, was it not natural that Scott should set up as publisher under the rose and link himself with the Ballantynes? Was it not inevitable that he and his partners, equally amateurs in the business, should skirt the edges of bankruptcy and finally dissolve to save their skins?

This first crisis of 1813-14 is less famous than the real bankruptcy of 1826, but it was almost as dangerous. The association with the two brothers is clarified by the luckiest of the editor's finds—a mass of letters addressed mostly to John Ballantyne and "lost" since Lockhart partly used and partly garbled them. Marked by the recipient "Open not, read not," this correspondence (running through 1818) has been haled forth from the National Library of Scotland and published as an Appendix to Vol. I. It reveals a tangled story, and one that cannot be retold here. Suffice it to say that a lack of systematic accounting, the over-use of "accommodation" bills and renewals, John Ballantyne's failure to keep Scott posted on the business, coupled with the latter's craving to plunge into fresh publishing ventures, put the partners through most of the agonies of bankruptcy and actually brought them several times almost to the brink of destitution. Scott's long patience with the brothers is beyond question; so is his honorable attitude toward his obligations. Yet no sooner is he out of the woods than he plans and borrows to acquire an extensive estate!

The fact is that this man of letters was primarily a man of action. The correspondence proves over and again how he was fascinated by the "pomp and circumstance of war" and how he would have loved a military career, partly for its aristocratic connections. The evidence accumulates to show that his approach to the Muse (the novels are not yet in question) decidedly mingled the useful with the sweet. Literature has become his "chief business." Art for art's sake was not his *forte*. If he is fond of collecting old ballads and romances, that is mainly because of the antiquarian trend, so pronounced in these pages. If he busies himself with the founding of the London *Quarterly*, that is in good part because the Whigs need an organ "to countermine the *Edinburgh Review*." The "Border Minstrelsy," the "Lay," and the "Lady" were, with regard to their traditional content, labors of love; but the production of the longer poems is often associated by their author with the jingling of the guinea. Scott was neither a Milton nor a Flaubert: he lacked, as Bagehot said, the "consecrating power."

Since his devotion to literature was not absolute, he could escape what he thought the besetting sins of the craft—vanity and jealousy. He was rarely ruffled by an adverse opinion; he admitted that he composed too rapidly. He was so aware of his own limitations, *e.g.*, in the depiction of lovers, that his modesty led him unduly to belittle his poetic efforts, while he overpraises a Southey, a Campbell, and many another. Yet he knew that he had the gift of lilting verse and he recognized, casually, the appeal of his stirring passages.

Altogether, a very rounded personality emerges from these two volumes, which carry Scott to his fortieth year. On the horizon are the beginnings of Abbotsford at what Buchan calls the "astonishing" purchase price of £4,000. The "Waverley Novels" are around the corner. We look forward to the eight volumes that remain to be published with the conviction that when all the correspondence has appeared, a new full biography of Scott will have to be written. There can never be another Lockhart; but there is still Professor Grierson.

The Old Southwest

RIO GRANDE. By Harvey Fergusson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

HARVEY FERGUSSON is a native of the Valley of the Rio Grande, New Mexico. His mother's father came there with freighter's wagon and mule spans in the fifties, his own father followed the railroad there in the early eighties, and he himself arrived in the opening of the nineties when there still was plenty of time for pacing a slowly developing land. New Mexico reached statehood, and Mr. Fergusson, manhood, in the same year, 1911.

In all his writings upon the Southwest as typified by New Mexico he is, by heritage and by experience, what they call, down there, *simpatico;* he has the feel of and for the land and the people. In this story, "Rio Grande," there are chapters upon "Country," the Valley and its bordering mesas and mountains, its natural and its cultivated aspects; "The Dancing Builders," the Pueblo Indians; "The Men of the Soil," the common class, the changeless laborers; the first American invasion by "The Mountain Men" trappers and the "Prairie Man" of the Santa Fe trade. And so on, through "The Man of God," the influential conspirator and schismatic, Padre Antonio Martinez of Taos, inciter of the only rebellion against the American rule; through "Longhorns and Six Shooters," of time when the buffalo butchers had cleared the Indian ranges for the ranges of the cowman and in the resultant feuds with the wild Texans one Elfego Baca maintained the honor of militant New Mexico; to "Old Town and New," which deals with the cultural process of the railroad.

Now all this is in chronological order by the arrangement of thought as well as that of facts. It is a review of Southwestern life as instanced nowhere more reliably than in the productive Valley of the Rio Grande where, as in Santa Fe the Spanish capital and frontier Taos of the Pueblos and the early resident Americans, there originated many of those impulses which reacted upon the surface of an ancient land. That which has made New Mexico of itself in tradition and living interest, and not merely a marshaling of progressive events is the story scheme—sketched with high lights of incidents less instructive than demonstrative, by one who has witnessed the rites of the Penitentes, has climbed the lovely Taos Mountain to the sacred lake, has voyaged down a Rio Grande of environments still primitive, and has tried to reason out the changes rung upon this country where, more so than in any other domain, there is place for both body and soul—"where many kinds of men live and work, where one may dig or dream, make poems, bricks, or love," and find companionship.

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The Bowling Green

No Turn On Red

THEY'VE finished the new deep-water piers at Cherbourg; now the big ships are able to bring their passengers alongside the dock; and one of the world's most vigorous rivalries—the maritime jealousy between Cherbourg and Le Havre—enters a new phase. Myself I wonder what will become of those comfortable little tenders, built like baby liners—the *Lotharingia,* the *Welcome,* the *Nomadic,* the *Traffic*—which you used to see waiting for you behind Napoleon's breakwater as you came in from sea.

One of my private pleasures is to think of myself as an authority on Cherbourg. Whereas most Americans pause there only long enough to get aboard the boat-train, we once made it a family base for more than a fortnight while exploring that region of Normandy. But of that I have written elsewhere. My concern at the moment is that Cherbourg's new ship and railroad terminal reminds me of the only time (so far as I know) that the town got itself mentioned in Bataille's *Causes Criminelles et Mondaines.* This implies no mischief on Cherbourg's part: quite the contrary, as you'll see. And Bataille's savory pages are always an exciting way to revisit France in imagination.

There's another reason why this particular story, though Bataille rightly shrugs it off as "assez banale," has its interest for the Bowling Green. It is a sort of humble echo or sequel of a much more celebrated cause, the tragedy of old Gouffé and the Red and White Girdle. That we once discussed in full. This is a more commonplace affair. Like all Bataille's very outspoken criminologies it needs a little expurgation for our purpose. But it also has overtones available for the moralist. No Turn on Red, I have suggested, would be a good title for a rehash of Bataille's famous trials. Those who disregarded the ruby light of murder usually got their punishment.

American travellers who debark at Cherbourg and get aboard the boat train for Paris have just about settled themselves in the wagon-restaurant and ordered a bottle of wine when the green corridor cars (marked ETAT) click past the tiny station of Couville. Bataille identifies it as the station nearest to Cherbourg; that I think is not so; the *gare* next beyond the seaport is Martinvast. But at any rate Couville is not more than 10 or 12 kilometers from Cherbourg. It is only a small flag-station where the line crosses the Bricquebec road, a mile or so away from the village whose name it bears. There's probably a bistro there, and that's about all—a grade crossing, with gates and a jumble of flowers along the platform and a porter in corduroys. If you were motoring out from Cherbourg to try the Trappist cheese at Bricquebec you would pass that little halt. There are many pleasant surprises in those green uplands of the Cotentin. There's Valognes, described by Barbey d'Aurevilly; Barfleur, whence the Norman barons used to sail to England; the chateau of de Tocqueville, who would be disturbed by the problems of America today. Something about that countryside is more primitively English than England itself, and suddenly you remember it was thereabouts that much of England was born. I can't help laughing when I think of the English trippers who go over to Normandy and smile with genteel patronage at her simplicity. Their grandmother knows how to suck eggs; she has sucked them a long while.

But this isn't (I rather wish it were) a guide to the Cotentin.

One evening in May 1896 an odd pair descended from a local train on the little platform at Couville. I was about to say, one warm morning; it would be better for the story if so, but the chances of that climate of La Manche are that it was chill, foggy, and drizzling. Monsieur, as Bataille gives him to us, was a skinny and fidgetty fellow with a shrill voice, a small bristling moustache, gimlet eyes and a nervous twitching of the features. If the Couville doctor had happened to be at the station that morning he might have diagnosed one of M. Aubert's troubles as drugs. He had suffered from the plague of St. Vitus, and had taken to morphine for solace. Unless he had his piqûre every so often he suffered horribly.

But on this May morning we can suppose that Aubert had his sedative with him. Also with him was his plump little poule, Marguerite Dubois, a devoted and rather pudgy blonde with frizzly curls, and their cat Moussette in a wicker basket. We don't know much about Margot Dubois except that she had once been a waitress. Today she was wearing a new bracelet and—for the first time—a wedding ring. After six years with Aubert, during which they had changed their address 38 times, and their names on several occasions, she may have felt she had earned it. Moussette, in the basket, gives the expedition just the right domestic touch. They were both devoted to Moussette; at their latest lodgings, on the Avenue de Versailles, Aubert took her out on a leash for an airing. He was known there as a "professor of literature and geography." Margot also seemed to have an interest in literature, for on an evening when alarming things were happening in the next room she was so immersed in the *Letters of Mlle de la Vallière* that she paid no attention. Those *Letters* must be worth looking up.

U. S. LINE TENDER AT CHERBOURG

But the geography professed by Aubert seems to have been of that distant and indefinite sort acquired by stamp collectors, in which field he was an expert. In the homely topography of Normandy he appeared vague. When they surrendered their tickets to the station-master, Aubert wanted to know how they could get to Becquet, a seaside village some miles away. You should have stayed in Cherbourg, explained the chef de gare. The Barfleur train takes you to Becquet easily.

The record is not explicit, but it appears that Aubert and Marguerite had just been in Cherbourg. There they hired a carriage and had the coachman drive them eastward along the coast. They were looking for lodgings for a friend, they said; they must be close to the shore, and Margot asked so many times about the depth of the water that old Tibaudon, the coachman, began to wonder if their friend was a deep-sea diver.

This friend of theirs evidently had his prejudices, for Aubert now explained to the station-master that he particularly wished to make a "promenade" from Couville to Becquet without passing through Cherbourg. An invalid perhaps, requiring fresh air and quiet, thought the official. It would be roundabout, but a pretty drive, on bye-roads, along the brook of Trottebec and past Tourlaville chateau. Well, perhaps we can hire a carriage. And the porter rolls his trolley to get their trunk from the baggage room. He had noticed that trunk especially when it arrived the day before. Not only for its size and weight, but also for the fact that, although brand new, it already had pasted on it the labels of three Parisian *consignes*—the luggage-rooms of the Gare Montparnasse, Gare de Lyon, and Gare St. Lazare, dated three successive days. Why should a new trunk be shuttled around to three different stations in three days? Monsieur and Madame must be very impulsive travellers. Well, Monsieur looks eccentric; perhaps it means a good tip—which is rare at the remote station of Couville. So thinking, the porter opens up the stuffy little baggage room.—And recoils; a fetid, reeking, atrocious nastiness fills the place. Bataille, as usual, has the telling word. "L'odeur nauséabonde empestait la gare."

We need not analyze too curiously. The trunk is opened. As the horrified porter afterwards described it, when the lid was lifted a ghastly figure, swollen with the gases of corruption, clotted with blood and sawdust, reared stiffly up as though it had been compressed like a spring. Then it fell back to a sitting position. The head, bent down on the breast, had been fractured with brutal blows. Little clumps of stained sawdust fell on the clean platform, which had been swept that morning. Moussette, in the basket which Marguerite still held with palsied hand, set up a morbid yowl. The porter, if I know anything of porters, wondered how soon he could get over to the bistro for a glass of *calvados,* the most pungent succor known to human throat.

Aubert and Marguerite—who had not wanted to take the trunk to Cherbourg because baggage there is examined at the *octroi* in the station—returned there after all. They spent the night in jail, and so did the innocent Moussette, who was well cared for by the jailer's wife. With French zeal for detail, her little basket was duly on display, with the other exhibits in evidence, at the trial some months later. But Moussette ingratiated herself with the jailer's family and remained in Cherbourg for good. I shouldn't wonder if I saw some of her descendants there many years later.

As Bataille points out, there are few charms of detection or mystery to give relish to the story. The facts were unmistakable. It was one of those sordid and senseless crimes where wanton chance brings tragedy upon worthy and respected people. Perhaps we can regard it as a warning to stamp collectors, or collectors of any kind. If you receive unaccountable letters or telegrams asking an appointment to discuss your treasures, be wary.

About the beginning of May a young philatelist, Julien Delahaeff, aged 22, was very proud of an album of rare stamps he had bought for 2000 francs. His father, a well-to-do brickmaker, had encouraged this hobby from childhood. Julien was surprised to receive a letter from an unknown corespondent—who gave his name as "Gaston Darnis"—asking permission to compare notes on some of the stamps and perhaps make an offer for them. M. Darnis suggested a meeting at a café. Young Delahaeff, a little suspicious, asked his older brother to accompany him to the rendezvous. M. Darnis seemed mysterious, but his evident enthusiasm for stamps allayed the young men's doubt. The stranger invited them to a private room at the Hotel du Rhin where they could examine the album more comfortably, but at his brother's advice Julien preferred to meet in a public café. Julien and M. Darnis lunched at the café des Négociants and spent a whole afternoon looking over the stamps. M. Darnis was enchanted with the collection and offered 4000 francs for it. He showed a check on the Credit Lyonnais, but Julien insisted on cash. This was wise, as M. Darnis had only made the minimum deposit of 50 francs at the bank in order to secure a checkbook.

Darnis agreed to pay in cash, and asked young Delahaeff to come to his apartment in the Avenue de Versailles to receive it. Julien was now in high spirits, and remarked to the old family servant at home that no one could now think him extravagant for spending all his allowance on stamps. He set off gaily to deliver the cherished album. His family did not see him again. That evening his father received a telegram signed Julien saying that he was spending the night out. The worthy brickmaker thought little of this; after all the boy was of age and was probably celebrating his profit of 2000 francs. But the next day came another telegram, to the effect that Julien had left for Chicago. This was so far beyond the scope of the brickmaker's imagination that he hastened to the telegraph office at the Bourse where the message had been filed. It was not in Julien's handwriting.—Why, one wonders, did "Darnis"—that is to say, Aubert—think of Chicago? For then, as now, to an elderly French brickmaker with side whiskers, the word would suggest the extremest frontier of the wild, fantastic, and unlikely. Aubert could not have chosen the name of any city that would frighten a Frenchman so surely.

Of the details of the crime we know nothing, except that Julien was struck down from behind with a hatchet. Aubert admitted the act, but insisted it was in self-defence. There was a dispute about the stamps, he said, and Delahaeff threatened him with a poker. The concierge of Aubert's apartment house heard no sounds of quarrel; but, he added, his *loge* was so constructed that he could neither hear nor see anything of the tenants. This raised a knowing laugh in the Paris courtroom. But on the night of the murder Aubert had asked where he could buy some sawdust, alleging the necessities of Moussette as pretext. Marguerite had spent that afternoon with her sister and knew nothing of the crime until evening. She did her best to help her lover escape its consequences. She scrubbed the floor clean of bloodstains; then (one of those astonishing sidelights that crime often reveals) diverted herself with the Letters of Mlle de La Vallière while Aubert crammed the body into the trunk. He had to buy a new trunk for the purpose. It cost fr. 23.95.

It would be easy to extend the story to much greater length; I'm not sure that it's worth it. Aubert, a drug-addict, a cadger, a swindler in adulterated wines (he came from Médoc in the Bordeaux country) had had a long career of rascality. He set fire to his mother's house and collected the insurance. He advertised for rich wives in the matrimonial *petites annonces.* Somehow he hit upon the idea of victimizing stamp collectors, which he had worked several times with success. Just how it happened that this time he carried fraud into murder, who can say?

Murder demands a steadier nerve than his. Once the body was in the trunk he could not decide what to do. He checked the baggage at three different railway stations in Paris before he made up his mind. Each time the thing was moved, porters joked about the weight. Aubert asked them to be careful, "it's glass;" and one replied "It feels like a bailiff." Such was the immortality of poor Gouffé, who had gone out of Paris in a trunk six years before. Meanwhile, in those three spring days, nature took its course.

The wretched Aubert was not wholly vile. He made no attempt to implicate Marguerite, insisting that she was entirely guiltless. With the 600 francs he got for the stolen album he bought her a bracelet and a wedding ring. He was frenzied with the lack of his accustomed drug when Bataille saw him on trial:—

> Not pale, but ghastly, corpselike; not merely thin but fleshless; afflicted with an unbearable tic which convulses his eyes, mouth, jaw and neck in succession as if an electric shock were passing across his face. Now his eyes wink, now his neck stretches like that of a hungry giraffe, now his nose twitches with little shudderings like a sneezing cat.

Bataille describes him as an "energumen"—*i. e.,* one possessed—and says that for four hours he yelled, whined, stamped, bit his fists, and begged for the drug he craved. I think myself they might have let him have it. The second day he fell in a fit and rolled under the bench in an epilepsy. It took four policemen—on hands and knees, encumbered with their sabres—to get him out.

But it was the morphine that saved his neck. He was condemned to hard labor for life. Marguerite got 3 years. What became of her then? Did she do as she had once threatened her mother: "Send me a thousand francs or I shall go into a house and dishonor the family." Let us not insist on the nature of the house, says the philosophic Bataille; "it would be very private and have green shutters." Behind those green shutters we can leave her. I hope she found another cat.

Christopher Morley.

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Copernican Economics

DEBT AND PRODUCTION: The Operating Characteristics of Our Industrial Economy. By Bassett Jones. New York: The John Day Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD WARD

A "Copernican revolution" in the entire field of economic thought appears now as one of the major intellectual consequences of the Industrial Revolution. Such a drastic revision of social attitudes and beliefs could not occur until the physical—that is, quantitatively determinate — factors in society became dominant in its structure and essential to its maintenance. Through science and technology the long-dormant, non-human energy of natural resources has, almost within the span of one generation, shifted the base of economic forces from the anthropomorphic to the matter-of-fact. Under the sanctions of what Fred Henderson has called "power production" social units are no longer explicable solely in terms of political ideals and cultural traditions. They have become—so far at least as concerns their physical continuity and "operating characteristics"—material systems, to be studied, understood, and, if possible, controlled in the light of such realistic factors as geographic area and climate; population growth, density, and distribution; natural resources, their scope and availability for use, techniques of production, exchange, distribution, and consumption.

In the compact and closely reasoned volume before us an engineer of wide experience and considerable mathematical ability enters the field hitherto monopolized by the "new economics" of such quasi-Copernicans as Major Douglas, C. M. Hattersley, Arthur Kitson, and Frederick Soddy. With none of these economic heretics, however, has Mr. Jones any traffic; nor, be it said at once, is there the slightest resemblance between his severely technical treatment of the problems of an industrial society, and the grandiose "residues" and "variations" system of Vilfredo Pareto, the "Karl Marx of Fascism," whose magnum opus is to appear—in the nick of time?—before the bewildered leaders of American thought.

The material, methodology, and point of view of "Debt and Production" relates it at once to that distinctively American form of economic radicalism known as technocracy. That Mr. Jones sedulously avoids all reference to the work of this momentarily discredited movement is curious in the light of certain facts that should be set down here as a matter of record. First, he had been for ten years in more or less close association with Howard Scott, whose ideas, by his own admission, directed much of his thought on economic questions. Second, with Dr. Walter Rautenstrauch, M. King Hubbert, and Frederick Lee Ackerman, Mr. Jones actively collaborated with Mr. Scott on the Energy Survey of North America directed by the latter at Columbia University. Third, with the three others mentioned above, Mr. Jones signed the "Statement" appearing in the New York *Herald Tribune* last winter apropos of Mr. Allen Raymond's articles on technocracy. Full credit is there given to Mr. Scott for his "metrical approach" to social problems and each of the signers concedes that his "individual contribution could not have been made without the association afforded by Technocracy, and the contributions made by Howard Scott." Fourth, a similar admission is made by Mr. Jones in the Introduction to an essay on "Production *vs.* Consumption" written over a year ago and embodying, in a crude form, much of the reasoning that appears in his present monograph. Fifth, in a "Letter to the Editor" in the November, 1932, issue of *Electrical Engineering,* Mr. Jones acknowledges the vital importance for his thesis of the unique material assembled by the Energy Survey as initiated by Mr. Scott, and his respect for the fundamental technical conclusions drawn up by Technocracy. Sixth, the first chart of his present book, on Pig Iron Production, exactly duplicates the two curves on Total Production and Man Hours per Ton as first released in one of the charts of the Energy Survey. Mr. Jones has merely added a mathematical growth curve, an isochronic line, and altered the wording of the legends. Seventh, appreciable portions of the tabular and statistical matter occurring in the course of the argument are derived from sources or material obtained through Mr. Jones's prior association with Mr. Scott and Technocracy. Credit to whom credit is due.

"Debt and Production" is in two parts. The Appendix, on "A Suggested Method for the Analysis of Economic Statistics," is technically the most important, but demands more mathematical proficiency than the average layman possesses. It develops the methodology required by a metrical approach to such questions as Production, Growth Curves, Man Hours, Credit, Debt, and the interrelations, supposed or actual, between them. Considerable tabular material, with seventeen charts and numerous mathematical formulations, serve not only in a shrewd criticism of such authorities as Carl Snyder, S. S. Kuznets, F. C. Mills, Warren, and Pearson, but also as a basis for a rational determination of the technical features of an industrial economy. This section is fundamental to the argument, which, however, is expanded for the general reader in an Introduction combining the statistical with the expository.

A summary of the principal conclusions must take the place of a detailed examination. Throughout the discussion the reader will have to remember that Mr. Jones is *not* concerned with society as a cultural, political, or ethical organism, but with clearly defined "operating characteristics" which, through technology, underlie economic forces and ultimately determine the nature and rate of social change.

Mr. Jones believes, and seeks to show:

That Max Planck's dictum, "only the measurable is real for science," leads to a rejection of all economic concepts derived from a set of unanalyzed assumptoins "in respect of the kind, power, stimulus, or sanction impelling the human actions described" (quoting P. S. Florence).

That the impossibility of extracting a consistent meaning from a series of hopelessly independent variables not only justifies but compels attention to strictly determinate physical factors, of which energy, production, man hours, and population are the most important.

That all of these factors stand in an ascertainable metrical relationship to each other, and if plotted graphically over a sufficiently long period, reveal "growth curves" that may serve as a basis for rational prediction and control. This concept of "rates of growth" is fundamental to any problem involving change, as the psysical and biological sciences have abundantly proved.

That growth curves must eventually reach a maximum on any area, at which point they either remain fairly stable, or decline thence, irrespective of the wishes of *entrepreneurs,* popular demand, or the "sacred" canons of the price system.

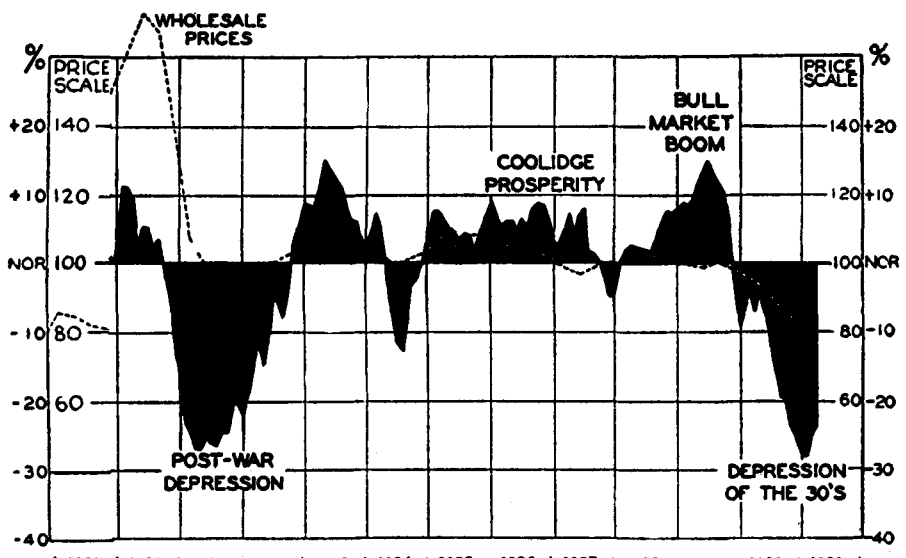
That, accordingly, indefinite expansion of productive sequences is impossible. This, with a corresponding upper limit in population, sets a definite limit to consumption, further undermining the "interference control" of the price system whose fixed postulate is profits expressed as an exponential to infinity.

That human labor, or "man hours," is in an inverse ratio to quantity of production. Sources of physical energy, together with technical procedures which cannot be arrested by arbitrary means, result in a charge of obsolescence brought against the severely limited, but costly engine of energy conversion: Man, Labor, in the sense of protracted toil, tends to become a vanishing factor in "the operating characteristics of our industrial economy."

That "price," as now understood, has no metrical relationship with the physical elements as above outlined. "Measuring price by any existing standard is like trying to keep a globule of mercury steady on a plate of glass." All monetary systems are attempts to appraise physical wealth in terms of widely — and wildly — varying "units of value." Furthermore, they act to inhibit any rate of flow of goods and services in excess of the requirements of "reasonable profits" to a numerically insignificant class of *entrepreneurs* and their clients.

That debt, being an expression, on the economic level, of the purely mathematical law of compound interest, establishes for itself a "growth curve" whose upper limit is infinity. As production and population increase by *necessarily* smaller increments, to a physically determined upper limit, the discrepancy soon ceases to be a matter for casual resignation and apologetics. The problem, in effect, is: how to decapitate a debt hydra which grows four heads in the place of one—and to do so with a constantly diminishing weapon.

Mr. Jones's presentation of these, and many similar ideas, will repay close study. He has done a conscientious job in a limited but very important field. More than that, he has introduced to serious students a body of thought which is likely to become of great significance in a country that has yet to recognize—as Frederick Soddy has recognized—the existence of a "new economics" peculiar to its own conditions and in phase with its own rhythms.



FROM NORMALCY TO "TEMPORARY ADJUSTMENT"—"DEPRESSIONS NEVER LAST"
From "Highlights," by Rollin Kirby (Payson)

The Folk Tale

THE PENTAMERONE OF GIAMBATTISTA BASILE. Translated from the Italian of Benedetto Croce. Edited by N. M. Penzer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1932. 2 *vols.* $10.

Reviewed by DUNCAN B. MACDONALD

IN all the colections of folk-lore tales there is no other case of such strange mixture as in this. Giambattista Basile was a thorough child of his time. Born in Naples about 1575, a soldier of fortune in the service of Venice and throughout the Near East, a poet of reputation of the Maranist school and, in consequence, practically unreadable for us now, yet the love of nursery tales was in his blood and bran and mingled with a patriotic zeal for his native Neapolitan dialect. But when it came to producing "literature" the stories were apparently a side-issue with him. He had soaked them into his memory automatically during his life of wanderings and then, later, there had come to him the idea to use them to the greater glory of his own dialect and to deck them out with all the "conceited" Baroque adornments of the verses he so loved. But his interest was half-hearted—as was that of Galland later with his "Thousand and One Nights" —and his book of fairy tales only struggled into print, bit by bit, after his death. Even then it was a quite impossible "poem" in the prevalent decadent taste which his family first published from his papers.

We have here, then, a collection of fantastic tales, rooted in the motifs of folk-lore, gathered from East and West, North and South, but playing out their parts in no fairyland, no land of dreams and make-believe, but in a rather sophisticated and realistic world of Basile's own time. Basile in them is a shrewd and mocking critic of life, and the unconditioned fairies and their cantrips come in with the oddest inconsequence. As he wrote them, they are, to the child-mind, incomprehensible, almost repulsive; but rewritten, as has fortunately befallen them again and again, they are amongst the most charming of our fairy tales. In them, as has been well said, Cinderella makes her first bow, a very clumsy one. Yet the fairy magic shines through even Basile's style, and the age-worn Scott, seeking health vainly in Naples, found there Basile's book and knew what he had found. So fittingly his life drew to its close, as the Last Minstrel bent over the tomb of the last of the Stuart line, and the last of the great Romantics held in his hands the first great collection of these stories from the morning of the world.

But Basile did not know how to use the luck that had come to him. He dealt with the stories not only as a realist—in these last days we have all known realistic fairy tales—but he played Rabelais with them and used them to show the wealth of words and phrases possible in his own dialect of Naples. He evidently was proud of it and had dreams of a Marinist literature in it, written by himself as a Secentist artist. To make sure of this he has even ranged discordant Eclogues between the Days of his Pentamerone.

And so, in spite of all and as a consequence of all, his book has not had nearly the universal appeal and world-wide spread of Grimm and Perrault. Perrault's method of putting his Tales of Mother Goose in the mouth of his little son was the exact opposite of that of Basile and assuredly the better course. Simplified and retold into the dialect of Bologna in the eighteenth century, Basile's stories enjoyed their first popularity, and the same holds of renderings in English, German, and French. The very things on which Basile prided himself had to be stripped away. The history of the book, therefore, has been one of transformations and variagations.

These are fully recorded for the first time in the present magnificent edition. The basis is the Italian version, with its apparatus of notes, of Benedetto Croce. That has been revised and expanded by Senatore Croce himself, and the translation has been controlled throughout by Mr. Panzer from the Neapolitan text in the original editions. Croce has also furnished a long (60 pages) introduction on Basile's life and works, especially those in dialect, and on this book. Mr. Penzer himself adds further "storyological" notes to each tale. But Mr. Penzer's greatest contribution to this edition is Appendix A on the Bibliography of the Book. This covers with the greatest detail and exactitude, the editions in Neapolitan, Bolognese, and Italian; the German and English translations—more or less complete; the partial translations and notices in German, English, and French. Further details are given on the work of previous bibliographers and on the bibliography of Basile's own Italian works. This work is here done once for all. The present reviewer has had some experience in such bibliographical history, and he salutes Mr. Penzer. Appendix B is on the storyology of Basile's tales. It is also by Mr. Penzer and includes a most valuable and illuminating article by Professor Stith Thompson of the University of Indiana on "The Folk-tale since Basile." This is easily the best short statement in existence of the history and present status of the whole folk-tale problem.

Exponent of His Age

THE VICTORIAN MORALITY OF ART. By Henry Ladd. Long & Smith. 1933. $3.

JOHN RUSKIN ilustrates the Victorian morality of art. This theme should be more fruitful than it is in Mr. Ladd's thesis for his doctorate. He has plenty of information about Ruskin's contradictory idealistic theories, and many pages of analysis to show that Ruskin could not harmonize them into a consistent system of esthetics, but very little of this becomes significant. Indeed, his one really fresh point—that "Ruskin's trouble lay not in the confusion of esthetics with morals but of one sort of morality with another" (since he could not separate his gentle sensitive awareness from his negative suspicions of sex and trade and industrialism)—has to be sifted out by the reader for himself.

A greater fault is that the book lacks values. Was Ruskin's suspicion of trade and industrialism so negative after all? Does the "humanism" of Walter Lippmann "differ from Ruskin's only in the absence of theism and the presence of a modern biology, psychology, and physics"? Such statements show how incapable Mr. Ladd is of getting at the depths of the patriarchal Ruskin.

A sad, a vehement, and a divided man, the passion with which Ruskin spoke was more memorable than any of his theories. Mr. Ladd is not equal to his subject.

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The New Books

Fiction

SOMETIME. By Robert Herrick. Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.50.

It is Mr. Herrick's pleasant fiction, in this volume, to imagine the destruction of most of our present civilization, through the combined ravages of a second Ice Age and international war. His novel begins at a point one thousand years after the cataclysmic forces that have wiped out "the so-called Christian era" have abated, leaving New York under a pile of rubbish and ice, and most of Europe in the same condition. A new civilization has sprung up around Khartoum; Africa is now the center of a world-utopia run along sweetly communistic lines, and an expedition is in progress to uncover the ruins of American civilization.

The majority of the book is seen through the eyes of old Felix, the greatest influence in the modern world, who remotely resembles Socrates, even to the point of having Greek ancestry. Old Felix, through his interminable disquisitions on the differences between "the Xian era" and the new world that has sprung up around Khartoum, becomes, before the book is half run, an unconscionable bore. All the reforms envisaged by the visionaries have come to pass: air transport is universal, society has become eugenic, men and women require permits to breed, and those rejected are promptly sterilized, government has become practically non-existent, as have clothes, money, lawyers, armies, automobiles, factories, alimony, newspapers, cement roads, education, and meat diets. As fantasy the book is dull, as satire it is feeble. No opportunity is missed by the author for random cracks at all existing institutions and individuals; cracks which are, in themselves, defensible enough, but through their consistently commonplace and literal-minded mode of expression lose all their sting. "Sometime" is a type specimen of the timely novel, written to cash in on the present currency of our immediate ideas, activities, and tendencies.

THEY COULD DO NO OTHER. By Eden Phillpotts. Macmillan. 1933. $2.

Under this title Mr. Phillpotts has collected a dozen short stories redolent of the soil of his native Dorsetshire. The title is a good one, for in most of the stories one feels something of the fatalism that often moves those who live by the land. One of the stories, "The Wise Woman," is the prototype of the author's full-sized novel "Stormbury," and it is possible that others may have been similarly expanded. But that is not infrequently the genesis of a novel, for which the short story form makes a good working tool. In one respect this volume is even more interesting than the author's novels: one appreciates better, through the variety of subjects covered, his really remarkable achievement in transforming the dialect of the west country into a genuine literary form.

History

THE NATURAL LAWS OF SOCIAL CONVULSION. By Sidney A. Reeve. Dutton. 1933. $5.

The first 370 pages of Mr. Reeve's curious and formidable volume is described as "an excerpt from the three-volume work entitled 'The Evolution of the Social Crisis,'" and is a study of the French Revolution with incidental reference to the present and future problems of the United States. Pages 397-591, entitled "History Right End Foremost," is "a summary of principles and public sentiment concerning history and social evolution."

Mr. Reeve "approaches all historic situations and current events as mere phenomena in energetics" and he rejoices that "never in his life did he suffer the misfortune of even one year's instruction in history." The orthodox notion that revolutions, notably the French Revolution, are caused by the revolt of the underdog from the oppression of the overdogs, he regards as not only absurd but positively sinful. Revolutions are due to the explosion of forces "as automatic in their action and superhuman in their power as are all that myriad of steam engines, etc., which play so large a part in modern civilization." Mr. Reeve seems to be almost as indignant at the unreason of English spelling as at the orthodox historians and one incident to be hoped for from "the now impending world revolution is that somebody will walk into the dictionary editor's office with a Winchester slung over his arm, and two automatics in holsters, and sit there until the English alphabet and dictionary have been revolutionized into sense, efficiency, and decency."

Mr. Reeve's energetic determinism, as it might be called, may be all that he believes it is, but a writer who sweeps aside all the historians with one contemptuous gesture would recommend himself more to the ordinary reader if his argument were made with less ponderosity in its aggregate and less mere eccentricity in its details.

Religion

CONTEMPORARY RELIGIOUS THINKING. Edited by ROBERT W. SEARLE and FREDERICK A. BOWERS. New York: Falcon Press. 1933. $2.

In this group of sermons by "preachers in action" an attempt is made to meet the criticism which is being levelled at the Church for the inadequacy of its thought in the present crisis. The central theme is "the Church's responsibilities in the period just ahead." The roster of those contributing includes Russell Bowie, George A. Buttrick, Edmund Chaffee, Charles Gilkie, Lynn Harold Hough, Rufus Jones, J. V. Moldenhawer, Russell Henry Stafford, Charles Trexler, as well as others. Though the contributions are not all of equal merit, one finds here a group of forward-looking, liberal thinkers discussing what is for the Church the perennial problem of relating itself to the contemporary scene. Nor are the editors and the contributors under any illusions as to the precariousness of the Church's present position. Rather hard-headedly they see that it must move forward clearly and effectively if it is to survive at all. Dr. Searle says in the foreword, "Here, no panacea—no formula—no magic word. But here is a comprehension of reality, a grappling with life. Here are voices speaking with courage." There are refreshingly few "purple patches" of pulpit eloquence to be found in its pages. In the main it is a thoughtful, conscientious work in which the necessity for straight thinking and determined action is clearly felt.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CLUE OF THE JUDAS TREE *Leslie Ford* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2)	Shell-shocked parricide returns to Maryland mansion and three others die before Lt. Kelly, ignoring the obvious, spots the killer.	Swift movement, tangled motives, attractive setting, and boldly drawn characters make interesting, if not too plausible, tale.	Readable
HARLEQUIN OF DEATH *Sidney Horler* (Little, Brown: $2.)	"Devil-May-Care" Hugh Belsize, younger son of earl, under a cloud, meets lovely American pursued by wicked gangster and fireworks ensue.	Fake adventure, sappy sentiment, bogus bravery, ludicrous villainy, and creaky humor mar otherwise excellent story.	Tosh
SISTER SATAN *George Dilnot* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Extra-devilish lady criminal steals jools, runs. Scotland Yard ragged, but finally succumbs to dogged sleuth and girl named Oonagh.	Thrill in every chapter *à la* Edgar Wallace plus good dialogue and whiff of love interest. Crime story—not mystery.	So-so

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

Greek Tragedy. J. E. Harry, Columbia Univ. Pr. $4.50.

ECONOMICS

The Inherent Function of Money. W. Brown. Chicago: McAllister Pub. Co. *A Primer of "New Deal Economics."* J. G. Frederick. Business Bourse. $2.

FICTION

Vile Bodies. E. Waugh. Modern Lib. 95 cents. *Dream's End.* T. Smith. McBri. $2 net. *Second Best.* J. C. Nolan. McBride. $2 net. *Bad Penny.* S. Merwin. McBri. $1.25 net. *Here Comes the King.* P. Lindsay. $2.50. *The Unpossessed.* Y. Dufous. Dut. $2.50. *Capajon* J. Cape. London: Cape. *The Brighter Baccarear.* L. Charteris. Crime Club. $2. *Mellon's Millions.* H. O'Connor. Day. *The House on the Marsh.* J. J. Farjean. Dial. $2. *Six Girls.* P. Warwick. Dial. $2. *Sister Satan.* G. Dilnot. Houghton. $2. *The Clue of the Judas Tree.* L. Ford. Farrar. $2 net. *Mystery of King Cobra.* D. Mansfield. Dut. $2. *Harlequin of Death.* Little. $2. *Walk with Care.* P. Wentworth. Lip. $2. *Haven's End.* J. P. Marquand. Little. $2.50.

HISTORY

In the Margin of History. Sir H. Luke. $3.75. *Trafalgar.* A. F. Fremantle. Put. $1.50.

INTERNATIONAL

Hitler's Reich. H. F. Armstrong. Macmil. $1. *China.* Vol. II. Part I. Ed. O. A. Petty. Harp. $1.50.

JUVENILE

Happy Holidays. E. Graham. Dut. $2. *M. M. Tavish.* M. Bullard. Dut. $1. *Nicodemus and the Houn' Dog.* I. Hogan. Dut. $1.

MISCELLANEOUS

Chicago Then and Now. E. Batt. Chicago: Finch & McCullouch. *Winter Nights Entertainments.* R. W. Abraham. Dut. $1.75. *The Story of Childbirth.* P. Findley. Doubleday. $3. *In a Week-End Garden.* M. S. Welch. Sears. $2.50. *The Sound Motion Picture in Science Teaching.* P. J. Rulon. Harv. Univ. Pr. $2.50.

POETRY

The Single Glow. A. Clark. Santa Fe: Villagra. $1.50. *Dante's Inferno.* Trans. L. Bingon. Macmil. $3. *A Mountain Township.* W. Hard. *I Go A-Walking.* B. Young. New York: Paebar. $2.

PSYCHOLOGY

Psychology and the New Education. S. L. Pressey. Harp. $2.75.

RELIGION

The Development of Modern Catholicism. W. L. Knox and A. R. Vidler. Morehouse. $2.75.

TRAVEL

Indian Air. P. Morand. Houghton. $2.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

BUSINESS OF BANGING HEAD

LAST week I got myself into serious trouble. I accused Mr. *T. S. Matthews* of *The New Republic*—or rather *The New Republic* editors—of a textual slip which didn't actually exist. Mr. Matthews's review had been well proofread and he sardonically meant what he said when he merely echoed one of the "howlers" he found in the latest novel of *Francis Stuart*. I had read his review too hastily, and I cannot but think, also, that the heat wave we were then enjoying (?) had something to do with it. Anyway, I am now rhythmically banging my head against the wall, in profound repentance!

LO, THE POOR ILLUSTRATOR!

And, apropos of nothing else, the best cartoon I have seen for a long, long time is *Covarrubias's* double-page-spread of Hollywood's Malibu Beach in the August *Vanity Fair*. Likewise a recent *Saturday Evening Post* cover by, I think, *Norman Rockwell*, of a country-boy fiishing dreamily, with certain watersprites rising from the stream, seemed to me unusually effective. I have always followed all sorts of illustration with a great deal of interest. I enjoy a good drawing rather more than anything else except a good poem. I recall my youthful admiration of the work of the late *Walter Appleton Clark*. I have looked for the pen and pencil creations of *F. R. Gruger* since his earliest days—and finally, had the superb good fortune of seeing two of his illustrations adorn a pretty bad short story of mine. He has always been my particular Old Master of illustration. I had the luck to know the late *John Wolcott Adams* a little, with his fine sardonic growl. In the old days such were the men who could bring out values in a story that even the authors hardly knew were there—and I don't mean that as a backhanded slap at the illustrator either! The old joke that the illustrator never reads the story given him to adorn would seem often to be borne out by some of the work seen nowadays. But allow me to assert that in the past many a fictional character took part of its being in the reader's mind from the illustrations in the text. Surely *Cruikshank* did something for *Dickens's* "Pickwick." *Thackeray* himself aided our visualization of *Pendennis* and other worthies. For all their merit, those *George Du Maurier* novels I treasure would not be the same thing at all without his own voluminous drawings. Look what a comparative modern, *Frederic Dorr Steele*, did for *Sherlock Holmes!* How inseparable are the drawings of *Charles Dana Gibson* and the stories of *Richard Harding Davis!* Had *James Montgomery Flagg* nothing to do with the flavor of the early stories of *Edna Ferber?* How the welkin rings when a dual artist like Captain *John W. Thomason* of the Marines steps out of the shadows and lets typewriter and scratch-pad blossom together. The grand stories of *Joel Chandler Harris's* Uncle Remus are inseparably associated in my mind with the marvellously atmospheric drawings of the late *A. B. Frost* and the poetic fantasies of *F. S. Church*. What of the gorgeous *Howard Pyle* books, "The Wonder Clock," his "Robin Hood," "Men of Iron," "A Modern Aladdin," all bristling with his inspired illustrations?

DRAUGHTSMEN TODAY

I have long turned forty year, and today it seems to me, as an old fogey, that magazine illustration has somewhat fallen away from its ancient brilliance. A startlingly dramatic man like *Dean Cornwell* stands out, and if *Norman Price* isn't within miles of *John Wolcott Adams*, he is sometimes adequate. But *John La Gatta* is beset, as *Everett Shinn* used to be, by the Attitude *per se*, and *McClelland Barclay*, with his hard shiny women, I really could never see "for dust." He has done the silhouette to death. He is properly a dashing poster artist, not an illustrator.

You will say that I haven't been talking about the best modern draughtsmen. Perhaps not, for the best draughtsmen today seem to be working for the comic papers, for the *New Yorker*, or *Ballyhoo*, or *Americana;* or in the newspapers—*vide Percy Crosby's* immortal "Skippy!" As a general rule advertising drawings are far superior today to magazine illustrations. In fact the day of the illustrated magazine seems to be definitely past. I wonder why. To me a splendidly art-edited magazine like the old *Century* contributed such a great deal to the esthetic education of the young in the home!

OUR TABOOS AND BAD MANNERS

From this point I am not going to launch into a diatribe against the young people of today; because I think they have just as keen a sense of beauty as we had in our youth, and just as much desire to surround themselves with beautiful things. If one of my daughters seems to me much quicker-witted than I was at her age, and much better possessed of an amusing line of talk, I happen also to know that she is actually anything but superficial. If boys of sixteen can laugh heartily at the pretty sophisticated humor of the *New Yorker*—it is a darn sight better than having them shamefacedly sniggering yokels. Nobody prizes simplicity and honesty more than I, but as to innocence—the genuine article can be lovely and moving—but too often it connotes merely ignorance, which is a perpetual danger to the young—and stupidity, which is the bane of the human race.

Yes, after giving the matter serious attention for now some forty-seven years, I have decided that there is nothing that should not be talked about. I think we are outgrowing the day of the dark taboo altogether. And, if you ask me, I think it is a darn good thing. In its malevolent shade have been fostered the most hideous brutalities and the most unbelievable cruelties. And though one cannot help smiling a little at *D. H. Lawrence's* overemphasis of sex, one can perfectly understand—or should be able to—his fury against the cheap and degraded idea of sex held by most of the human race. Wit at the expense of sex? Yes, by all means. Wit puts everything in its proper place and lends proportion and perspective. But the idea that the only Love one should be aware of in really polite society is a lifeless something of marble and cloud is to me an incredible sort of nonsense—and does not happen to be the kind of nonsense cherished by the artist. But, along with this notion, I (strangely, it may be) rather deplore the decline of truly good manners in our age and country. Sometimes it seems that we are rather a nation (or an age) of boors. The most incredible tactlessness, the most wounding cruelty in conversation, is often considered both bright and smart. One meets with it particularly in literary circles. It is not wit. It is not even the occasional gust of hearty and highly-colored vulgarity that blows away shams like cobwebs. It bespeaks merely the rhinoceros hide and the return of the ape. If *Charles Lamb* wished to "examine the gentleman's head," one, on the other hand, frequently wonders what an examination of the cardiac region of the well-dressed boor would reveal. But one shudders at the prospect of a possible analysis. Well—quite a lecture!

AMONG MY CONTRIBUTORS

To turn to lighter things. *John Bennett*, from the old South, tells me that in its new incarnation, *St. Nicholas* is doing a three-part serial of his in the Fall, with the silhouette illustrations that long ago made him famous. It is another tale of "Old Scandalusia," and will appear in the September, October, and November numbers under the title of "Don Adumbras and the Dragon." Bennett tells me also that *Herbert Ravenel Sass* has just completed a novel for Bobbs-Merrill, of a quite revolutionary sort, on the Golden Age—plantation life in the old South prior to and during the Civil War, "a bitter sub-dominant to the old traditional tune . . . quinine in the cocktail." As a person, Bennett declares that Sass is a grand fellow, and "shy as a box-tortoise."

I shall close with a little poem *Olive Grandison* (Colorado) sends me about a cat, I being the sort of man who has an incurable affection for cats—of which *Freud* and *Jung* may make anything they please!

PERSIAN SILVER

Ah, jungle-haunted lady, when your ruffled snowy frill
Is pressed in crouching tiger-fashion on my window-sill,
And short convulsive switches of your decorative plume
Accompany an agitated strangled note of doom,
I know you for a beautiful potential murderess
Of fragile wings and fluted throat and feathered loveliness.

And when a score of scimitars leap from your padded feet
And amber fires burn with sudden concentrated heat,
I bless the woven meshes of a screen that bars the way,
And holds a baffled silver Persian thoroughbred at bay.

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he probably doesn't realize,

this Dublin policeman, that he has contributed a masterpiece to immortal folk-lore. Once he was an islander—native of Blasket which braves the Atlantic off Kerry's coast. There he hunted and fished—courted and went to fairs. One winter he wrote a book, the simple recounting of his first twenty, joyous years. It was to be something to entertain his friends. But today, selected in England by the Book Society, in America by the Book-of-the-Month Club, it has made him famous throughout the English speaking world.

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"An engaging modern Munchausen makes his bow!"—*New York Times.*

$2.50, HARPERS

by STELLA BENSON

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

H. R. H., Detroit, Mich, asks about a good modern book on the care and training of dogs, naming several but saying that he needs one more comprehensive and detailed. His dog is an English Setter.

THIS breed has a new book to itself: "Our Friend the Setter," edited by Rowland Johnson (Dutton), the latest of a series of such manuals on breeding, care and training, exhibiting, and treatment of ailments of various kinds of dog friends.

For a book taking in all kinds of hunting dogs as well as police and shepherd dogs, the latest and best is an English compilation edited by A. Croxton-Smith: "Hounds and Dogs" (Lippincott). Lord Lonsdale, admitted to have the last word on sporting subjects, says it has "the whole art of dog-training." "The Dog's Medical Dictionary," by A. J. Sewell and F. W. Cousens (Scribner), has just appeared in an enlarged new edition; it is a well-known and highly respected work in which all ailments to which dogs are subject appear in alphabetical order, with symptoms and indicated treatment.

The charm of a little book just published by Pitman, "How to Train Dogs," by Henry R. East, is that it does not disdain the humble mongrel. Indeed, it rather favors him as companion for a small boy. "Each cur is different," says he, and don't we know it! When a boy passes the age of twelve, says this observer, he may let vanity and false pride sway his selection of a dog that other fellows will admire, but before that his heart is pure. So these suggestions are offered to boys with bright dogs of however hasty assemblage; also to people who wish to train them for the stage or for the movies. In the last-named field Mr. East has had distinguished success, and pictures are given to prove it.

Now if this had been a Pekinese, as it was in a recent question, I could have told about "The Lion Dog of Pekin," by Annie C. Dixey (Dutton), now published in this country. This is a history of the dog that is also in some sense a history of the country with whose fortunes it has been so intimately associated. The inherent, ancestral nobility of the tiny creature is worth the respectful treatment it here receives.

L. C., Martinsville, Ohio, ask me to add to the list of books on travel in England one about literary places, to use next Fall in supplementary work in an English literature class. "The Homeland of English Authors," by Ernest H. Rann (Dutton), covers the most ground, and could be continually consulted in such a class. Another book I would like to find at the disposal of such a group is "America's England," by M. V. Hughes (Morrow), a little book meant to show us what to see to get the best all-round idea of England, and presenting these facts in a spirit likely to commend it to prospective travellers from these parts. One section of this is given to literary pilgrimages. Of course there are any number of books for single authors, such as "Hardy's Wessex," by Herman Lea, and "The Lake District," by A. G. Bradley (Macmillan); "Thomas Hardy's Dorset" by R. Thurston Hopkins (Appleton), "The Charm of the Scott Country," by J. Baikie, and "The Dickens Country," by F. G. Kitton (Macmillan), and other volumes in the same series and "Pilgrim Shrines in England," by B. C. Boulter (Dodd, Mead).

P. C. Charleston, S. C., one of those making a new free library for a city that is the home of one of the oldest public (subscription) libraries in the United States, says that my reference in "Adventures in Reading" to W. R. Benét's "Merchants from Cathay" reminded him that this little volume, one of his great favorites, should be in this library, and asks where he can buy a copy. Fortunately he will not have the least difficulty: The Yale University Press has it still in print, also "The Falconer of God" and "The Burglar of the Zodiac," which will no doubt go along with it to Charleston.

H. S., Chicago, asks if "Watchman on the Rhine" or "Binghamton on the Rhine" is the title of a children's poem by Longfellow, and where he could find it? This can be no other than that old warhorse of the school reader, beginning "A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers," for the title and refrain of that was "Bingen on the Rhine." Almost as many eyes have been turned that way from the Rhine steamboat as toward the Lorelei rock. It is the work of the Honorable Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton, and you can find it in the "Home Book of Verse" (Holt).

G. M., Coytesville, N. J., is looking for modern poems on the subject of immortality. They are to be found in that admirable anthology "The World's Great Religious Poetry" (Macmillan), recently given a cheap edition; also in the collection "Modern Religious Verse and Prose" (Scribner), which contains a good many favorites that people will be glad to find again, and in the "Catholic Anthology," edited by Thomas Walsh (Macmillan). My own choice (if one may call it modern) is Wordsworth's immortal "Ode"; my second choice the short poem "How?" by A. E., included in the collection "Best Poems of 1927" (Dodd, Mead). This is the one that envisages the after life as a "profundity where all that was, or ever shall be, glows and breathes in an eternal present."

E. E. C., New York, asks where one may get a copy of the reply of Robert Louis Stevenson to the Reverend Dr. Hyde. "Father Damien: an open letter to the Reverend Dr. Hyde of Honolulu," by R. L. Stevenson, first appeared in *The Scots Observer*. Its first book publication was by Chato and Windus in 1890. Mosher published it as a little book in 1909 and the Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana, in 1911, and Scribner in a duodecimo. Its latest form has been in a limited edition of 250 numbered copies by John Henry Nash, 1930.

EARLE WALBRIDGE, of the Harvard Club, the Demon Identifier, informs Gilbert Doane of the University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb., who is writing a history of Fairfield, Vt., and asks for information from other Vermonters, that he was born in East Bakersfield, a scattered string of farms under the shadow of Cold Hollow Mountain, Fairfield being an adjoining township. "All I can offer to Mr. Doane is (1) that my father once took me to East Fairfield to see Walter L. Main's Fashion Plate Shows—I was astonished to find a railroad running through the town—and (2) that an object of awed interest in our collection of miscellaneous photographs was one of the monuments marking the spot in Fairfield where stood the birthplace of Chester Alan Arthur, twenty-first President of the United States. Says the guide, a Vermonter by squatter rights, "I must have missed the Fashion Plate Shows, but I'll bet their poster is one of those still on the side of that barn near the North Pomfret post-office and general store." What goes on, stays on, in those sweet vales. And as for Vermont monuments, somewhere up a road near Sharon is a shaft marking the birthplace of Joseph Smith, but the natives rarely admit it. However, you can find all about his family's stay in this state in "Joseph Smith: an American Prophet," by John Henry Evans (Macmillan), a portly and determined work kept warm and moving by zeal and devotion. The Sharon monument has a full-page picture. But Sharon won't be a bit set up over it.

E. H., Detroit, Mich., asks for a book for a mother who wishes to tell an eight-year-old daughter something about life and how we come to be. Give the child "How You Began," by Amabel Williams-Ellis (Coward-McCann) a direct, clear introduction to biology in terms intelligible to quite little children. There is a new edition of "Parents and Sex Education," by Benjamin C. Gruenberg (Viking), a valuable guide to parents of young children. It is sound, concise, and unsentimental.

Will the inquirer who wanted a good edition of the Thomas à Kempis's Imitation of Christ, for whose letter I have searched in vain, please add to the information I gave him by mail the fact that the Houghton Mifflin Company has brought out a new edition this Spring with an introduction from the essay on Thomas à Kempis by Gamaliel Bradford?

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PRIVATE and group correspondence arranged. Georgia Smith, 13193 Wisconsin, Detroit.

LIVELY young woman, lonely for lively, intellectual New York friends. What to do about it? Box 206.

COLLEGE GIRL wants position in world where bridge games are forbidden, but other games might be considered. Typist (H and P system), experienced play producing, prose writing. Companion, secretarial work—no dictating—or what have you? Box 207.

Y. J. Birthday Greetings. Have already had my first Happy Return. Love to you. Or other punctuation. P. B.

YOUNG MAN, 27, intellectually inclined, would like to meet intelligent young woman living in New York or vicinity. Eureka.

IS THERE (a parent asks) a not-too-large private school, prevailingly Gentile, upper West Side, where unusually lively and intelligent girls (aged 10, 12) from cultivated family, modest means, can get sound instruction, healthy companionship? Or are there any boarding schools for girls, near New York, where talent and breeding are more esteemed than wealth? Information welcomed. PROGENITOR.

News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

IOWA

All Iowa, like Gaul, is divided into three parts. At least over the artist, *Grant Wood. Mrs. L. Worthington Smith,* who has been interviewing some of his friends to satisfy the desire of the editors of the *Saturday Review* to know more of a man whose work they so heartily admire, so informs us. There are those, she says, who feel that he substitutes satire for color; others who think that his success lies in the literary quality of his titles. Of course many refuse to express themselves, but all show indications of positive convictions. Like the "little tar baby," Grant Wood "keeps on saying nothing"—by word of mouth. And then she goes on to report:—

"Wood's fellow artists, in the main, look upon him as a decorative satirist, fresh and stimulating because he has "broken the moulds" and thrown traditions to the winds. *Miss Louise Orwig,* artist-art-librarian in Des Moines, says that Wood is a good tonic and a jolly good fellow. I have from her this story:

"'A body of impressive women, meeting recently in Boston, determined to look into this western artist who gave them uncomfortable digs and threatened their dignity. The objectionable Iowa Gothic and some other of his paintings were thrown upon the screen so that they might pass judgment. The primness of the "lady holding a tea cup" seen in the large, caused a titter. Several of these historic ladies noted the marked resemblance to other ladies in their fold. Hands began to clap and the titter grew into a hearty laugh. The censorship committee disbanded without so much as a slap on the wrist by way of condemnation, and all was again well on Beacon Street.'

"*Don Farran* Gypsy poet of Iowa, defends his artist friend by telling of his versatility.

"When the huge stained-glass window for the Memorial Building in Cedar Rapids was ready to be cast it was found that the work would have to be done in Munich. The artist went abroad to superintend operations and the glassmakers set about the task of making the figures of the six soldiers that were to represent the men in our six American wars. The glass-makers had spent their lives making religious pictures, and so the Civil War veteran, who wore a beard, came forth time after time so closely resembling Christ, that the artist, in desperation, set to work himself. The present figure is the result. It is said that these factory men still talk among themselves about this amazing American who learned in a few weeks what it had taken them a lifetime to master."

MICHIGAN

Mr. *Paul C. Hillestad* has been off on a "lark and ramble" over Michigan hills and through Michigan towns, making his way, of course, to Chicago and its Century of Progress Exhibition. He writes us:—

"Visiting the old Walker Taverns at the junction of U. S. 112 and M 50 in the Irish Hills region, where Mr. *F. Hewitt* holds open house, was a rare delight. The older of the two taverns, built in 1932, has sheltered *Daniel Webster, James Fenimore Cooper,* and *Harriet Martineau,* and yet, Mr. Hewitt remarks sadly, the sinister 'Murder Room' is the room that draws the attention. This section of the Irish Hills has been comparatively unaltered through the years, and the view from the large, square room which Cooper occupied is essentially the one he looked upon when he prepared his notes for 'Oak Openings' nearly a century ago. Even in this wilderness, Mr. Hewitt told me, the truculent Mr. Cooper could not escape litigation, and the frontier court of Detroit knew him as well as the courts of New York.

"The thrill of book-hunting must not be overlooked on tours through unvisited sections. In Battle Creek, rummaging through a pile of books at a second-hand store (not a second-hand bookshop) I discovered a copy of 'Plum Pudding,' 2nd edition, 1922, which I acquired for ten cents. And I also came upon a copy of *Ben King's* Verse. Now, I have seen references to Ben King many times, but I have never had occasion to get acquainted with him. Seeing a statue erected to his memory at St. Joe, in a little wooded park on the waterfront, my curiosity was again aroused, and when, two days later, a copy of his book came to my hand I could not but feel that it was meant for me."

OHIO

Katharine Garford Thomas, who hails from Ohio at the moment, but has affectionate leanings toward Vermont, and waxes enthusiastic in recollection over the paternal estate in Pasadena, has been exhausting her stationary in addressing inquiries to librarians of Ohio. They have resulted in "sundry and various items," such as the fact that the Cleveland Library System, which is most fortunate in having competent librarians, is particularly fortunate in having *Miss Marilla Waite Freeman.* Miss Freeman, though possibly Miss Thomas doesn't know it yet, figures delightfully in the autobiography of *Floyd Dell* which is to appear this fall. One of the tenets of Miss Freeman is that the library and its librarians should serve the public and be especially interested in "helping the cause of authorship." The Cleveland library has accordingly offered its resources to authors of Cleveland and vicinity. Much of "By Post to the Apostles," by *Helen Walker Homan,* was written in the Cleveland Public Library, as were "Cat Tales from Many Lands" by *Daty Healy.*

Ohio is indeed fortunate in the type of librarians that guide her reading. Chillicothe, for instance, boasts as librarian *Burton E. Stevenson,* distinguished as the compiler of the "Home Book of Verse," the "Home Book of Modern Verse," and the "Home Book of Verse for Young Folks." After a few years which he spent as librarian of the American Library in Paris, Mr. Stevenson came back determined to do all he could "to show American children how many reasons there were for them to be proud of their country." At present he is engaged in finishing a dictionary of quotations.

UTAH

It's a sorry state of affairs when even grave-digging seems preferable to bookselling. But at least one poor victim of the depression thinks that occupation happier than his own. But, then he believes authorship more profitable than disposing of the author's wares. *Madeline Reeder* of Ogden, Utah, writes us of him. She says:

"The other day I found out what is wrong with the book business. One of our oldest booksellers told me. He says he doesn't have much trouble selling good books but he doesn't have enough of them to pay his rent. He has to palm off as many of the others on us as he can to make up the deficit. He is particularly rabid about the biography he has to deal with, and says that reprints constitute another problem. What he favors is the reduction of the original purchase price on good non-fiction and cheap editions of frankly cheap books, attractive enough to buy for one reading and to pass on to one's friends, but no more. He thinks that the present run of fiction out-tops that of non-fiction but he wishes he were a ditch digger or even an author these days."

The AMEN CORNER

"Seven sorrows the priests give their Virgin;
But thy sins, which are seventy times seven,
Seven ages would fail thee to purge in.
And then they would haunt thee in heaven:
Fierce midnights and famishing morrows,
And the loves that complete and control
All the joys of the flesh, all the sorrows
That wear out the soul."—Swinburne.

The Oxonian ought, just now, to be vibrating with "delicious horror." That, according to Mario Praz, author of *The Romantic Agony* which the Oxford University Press has lately published, is the prescribed emotion for the contemplation of "luxurious cruelty," "fatal women," and "colored sins" as found in the literature of the last century.

This important book is described by its author as being a study of "erotic sensibility." In fact it is an acute analysis of the influence in Europe upon writers and painters, from 1800 to 1900, of the traditions left by the Marquis de Sade and Lord Byron, not to mention our own Edgar Allen Poe. The learning which the author has brought to this study of a *mood* in literature is both rich and lively.

"The Beauty of the Medusa"; "The Metamorphoses of Satan"; "The Shadow of the 'Divine Marquis'"; "La Belle Dame Sans Merci"; "Byzantium"; and "Swinburne and 'Le Vice Anglais'" are his topics.

Mr. Praz notes the enthusiasm for Sade of the Surrealists, whose methods he considers the *reductio ad absurdum* of the Romantic doctrine of "inspiration."

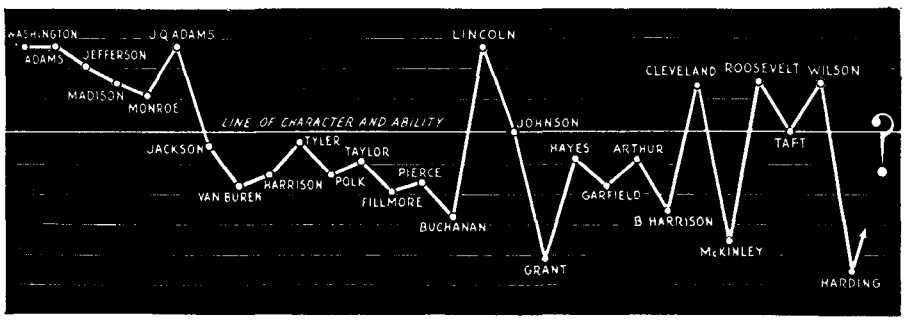
We are not sure whether M. Jean Cocteau is officially a Surrealist (these things are very official in Paris); but we *are* sure that his *Orphée* which the Oxford Press has just published in an authorized translation by Carl Wildman,[2] is far from absurd. For the English edition of this remarkable play, generally considered Cocteau's masterpiece, Pablo Picasso has drawn a special frontispiece, and there is an interesting photograph of Cocteau as he appeared in the performance by the celebrated Pitoëff Company at the Théâtre des Arts in Paris. There is also a limited edition signed by both Cocteau and Picasso, of which you may still be able to snatch up a copy at the published price.[3]

(Speaking of Picasso, the magnificent *Commemorative Catalogue of the Exhibition of French Art* held at the Royal Academy of Arts, London, in 1932, is now ready, with 250 plates.)[4]

THE OXONIAN.

Our Book-of-the-Month: *The Romantic Agony,* by Mario Praz. Translated from the Italian by Angus Davidson. $7.50.

(1) "Dolores" in *Poetry of the Transition,* 1850-1914. Edited by Thomas Marc Parrott and Willard Thorp. $3.50. (2) $2.50. (3) $4.50. (4) $18.00.



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". . . . . these pictures hold a secret, as securely as the dead hold theirs . . . ."

Ten years ago the writer of these lines was assisting Professor WALTER B. PITKIN of Columbia University in a course on the psychology of news interest. It was part of your correspondent's duty to invite noted newspapermen and men of letters to address the class on professional problems. In those days the famous *"page opposite editorial"* of the old *New York World* was going full blast, and the task of finding the right speakers was therefore as simple as it was fascinating. All you had to do was to call the roll of HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE's brain trust at 63 Park Row.

There were giants in those days. WILLIAM BOLITHO, HEYWOOD BROUN, ROBERT BENCHLEY, ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT, F. P. ADAMS, MAXWELL ANDERSON, DEEMS TAYLOR, JAMES HUNEKER and WALTER LIPPMANN were all working under the PULITZER dome, and *The World* was a power and a glory. Three contributors to that beloved paper interested your correspondent particularly, because they were new stars in the amazing galaxy — an assistant dramatic editor named LAURENCE STALLINGS, a contributor to F. P. A.'s column who signed himself *Long John Silver*, and a feature writer and interviewer who used the initials *L. S.* Everything that appeared under these three signatures was sure to be exciting. A little investigation soon proved that all three were one and the same person.

After LAURENCE STALLINGS gave that talk at Columbia, he and your correspondent walked over to the 116th Street subway station, rode down to Park Row together and discussed plans for the immediate future. STALLINGS spoke of plays, books and pictures. Your correspondent spoke of a publishing house soon to be started, and right then and there tapped STALLINGS for an *Inner Sanctum* that was still a dream.

Seven years after that underground editorial conference in a thundering Broadway express train, your correspondent found himself in Berlin talking with ERIC MARIA REMARQUE, author of *All Quiet in the Western Front*. Although the idea was not discussed directly in that interview, the soul-shaking thoughts which it stimulated convinced the itinerant half of *The Inner Sanctum* that the time was ripe for a one-volume history of the World War in photographs—a camera cavalcade of Armageddon, a march of time in pictures, to supplement, perhaps to transcend, all other forms of war-history as a reference, as a visual excitement, as a bald-faced reckoning of the coats. And LAURENCE STALLINGS, now famous, was the man of destiny for the assignment.

Thus began a three year editorial research, a world-wide ransacking of hundreds of thousands of pictures from all governments, all fronts, all sources, leading up to the most dramatic zero hour in *The Inner Sanctum's* history—the publication last week of *The First World War, a Photographic History*, edited by LAURENCE STALLINGS.

"Many of these pictures hold a secret, as securely as the dead hold theirs," says LAURENCE STALLINGS in his introduction to this photographic history of *The First World War.*

"Who might set a stop or calculate an exposure in a wheat field dripping with blood? The unbelievable thing is that some men did, and lived to develop the negative and print the picture. Man made this world in four years and saw that it was good, if we are to believe Versailles. Well, here it is in the making, just as man made it, caught by many a camera eye, from the closer packed slaughter of the trenches to the loosely-held butcheries later on, when men were rotting away like hay in the fields of the world. Here is the camera record of chaos with the reader annoyed by only the briefest possible captions."

—ESSANDESS.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

TRADE WINDS is happy to print this week the first of a series of articles by Mr. W. S. Hall dealing with various outstanding bookshops and book-trade personalities in New York City.

4, 14, 24

By W. S. HALL

A few weeks ago I received a card telling me that James F. Drake Inc. had removed to 24 West 40th Street. Still opposite the Public Library, of course, but the gradual progress west of the firm of Drake from 4 to 14 to 24 gave me a sense of uneasiness. For beyond the "L" lies the Garment Center, and I felt I'd better call to find out where this definite trend would finish. I found a most permanent set of quarters, roomy and comfortable, taking form to the tune of carpenters' hammers and saws. Mr. Marston Drake assured me that this indeed was the final settlement; that they were there to outlast if possible their distinguished neighbor across the street. Marston himself has a most permanent and solid look—I dismissed the future and became curious about the past.

My own first memory of Mr. Drake concerns his catalogue. I had most modestly been gathering together a few first editions. I had not reached the point of admission to the Drake mailing list, though I went avidly through copies of the catalogue whenever I chanced on one. Then one day I ventured into No. 4 West 40th Street, one flight up. That climb made me a book collector.

Long before that, however—in 1905—a small but select group of bibliophiles received one day a catalogue of Desirable Books and Autographs marked, hopefully, No. 1. A slip was laid in—

> Mr. James Frederick Drake desires to inform his friends and customers that, after a number of years experience with the firms of Dodd, Mead & Company, George H. Richmond, and J. W. Bouton, he has assumed the management of The Association Book Company and will be glad to have them look over the desirable books and autographs in stock at No. 4 West 40th Street.

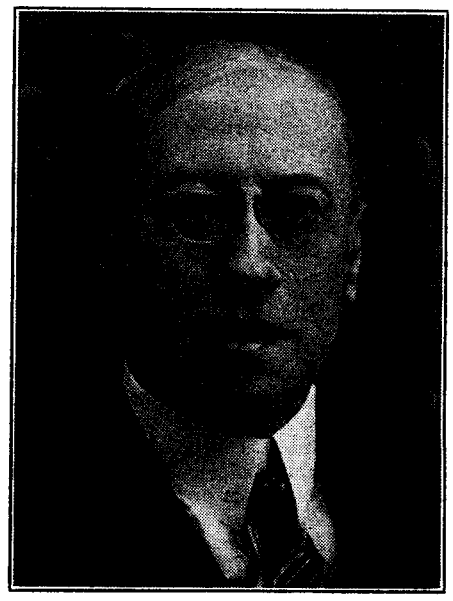
One hundred and fifty-seven items, Andrews to Zangwill, were listed with the prices averaging three dollars. I wondered, looking through it, who it was that ordered No. 34, Conrad (Joseph), Almayer's Folly, 1895, with ex libris of Phil May, $2.50; and who snapped up No. 55, Hardy's Dynasts, Part I, 1904, for $2; and if they still have them! And I wonder what the redoubtable Marston would answer were he to open, in the mail, a letter something like this—"Dear Sir: I have your Cat. No. 1. I have delayed ordering as I have been very busy, but please send me, etc., etc."*—One has to be so careful these days about predictions, but wouldn't it be fairly safe to venture that we'll never see the No. 1 catalogue prices again?

In 1887 Mr. James F. Drake left Dodd, Mead & Co. because of ill health and settled on a ranch in California. That is how his two sons, Marston and James, Jr., became native sons (and take-it-for-granted sons, too, for I've never heard either even mention the climate). In 1900 the family returned to New York, with several big bundles of books that Mr. Drake had been collecting, as baggage. For most of the following five years his activities with books were concerned with selling books for George H. Richmond in his store at 32 West 33rd Street, opposite the Waldorf-Astoria.

Coincident with the mailing of his first catalogue Mr. Drake started on his own at 4 West 40th Street in a single room. He called his business The Association Book Company, most of his books being at that time association copies. The title was dropped in 1910 for the better one of his own name. A tiny INC. was added with the arrival as assistants of the two boys, and the three Drakes have carried on under that name ever since. 1922 saw the firm in larger rooms at No. 14, where the vicissitudes of prosperity were enjoyed until this present move ten numbers further west.

The present quarters with their arched doorways, nooks, and corners, remind me somewhat of No. 4. At any rate more chummy than the gallery-like 14, and nothing delighted me more than to find the famous goldfish tank promoted to a prominent table at the very front of the main room. The fish can now watch both who comes in the door, and the progress of restoration in Bryant Park. There is a legend about these lively creatures—and a well supported one—that on the rare occasion of a spurious first edition's finding a place on the shelf, a goldfish promptly dies. Dies and rises to the top of the tank where it floats belly up until the fraud is discovered. Then fish and book, securely wrapped together, are deposited in the refuse can.

An alert staff of assistants, headed by Mr. Leland, accomplishes duties outside the executive scope. I have always admired the group of colored boys who tend to the more muscular chores. Their long sojourn among the Firsts seems to have had an artistic influence. I know that one



JAMES F. DRAKE

of them paints portraits. And last Saturday I saw another sitting a few seats from me in the Hippodrome mezzanine, listening to the lovely voice of dusky Caterina Jarboro in "Aida."

I knew the private office when I saw the safes. Bigger and safer than ever, they looked. With a fine flourish Marston threw one open; then in the casual manner of one accustomed to priceless nuggets (*that's* wrong, everything's neatly priced) he pulled out in one handful:

item: one Conan Doyle manuscript, "The Adventure of the Blanched Soldier." I glanced at the beginning—"The ideas of my friend Watson, though limited, are exceeding pertinacious. For a long time he has worried me to write an experience of my own, etc."—Sherlock Holmes himself speaking! The price? Oh, what I suppose Holmes got for one of his slighter efforts.

Anything in original form by Conan Doyle gives me the utmost in acquisitive, even if unsatisfied, thrills. Before entirely recovering I opened the next—

item: 54 autograph letters of Walt Whitman to his mother, written while a clerk in the attorney general's office at Washington during the six years following the Civil War. The price—no more than a bank president's weekly salary in the pre-exposure period.

"Like to look at this?" asked M. Unbound and not impressive at first glance, but an excessively rare Milton first—the LYCIDAS, 1638. This "high-water mark of English poetry" is the last of thirteen English poems which make up the second part of the volume, *Justa Edovardo King naufrago, ab Amicis moerentibus.* Signed simply J. M., or precisely $7,500 an initial.

Thence issuing, and regaining my breath, I again beheld the solid wall of more modestly priced volumes. I regret not having examined further than its back strip the first title to catch my eye, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Probably not an important book, but doubtless the inspiration for a swell quartette melody.

A too brief but memorable visit. Memorable, too, because I was admonished to use care in the handling of one item only—Catalogue No. 1. "Only copy known" and not to be removed from the premises.

I was most disappointed and sorry that I did not see Mr. Drake, Senior. He has not himself seen the new home of the business he founded; he is confined to his home, quite ill. I hope he will soon return to his desk. I think the books will know when he enters the door.

* They get stranger letters as the one from the "Collector" who specializes in nudes in pictures, and *only* those showing the "real skin." This, one hastens to add, was filed under Unfilled Orders.

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Just published

In 1931, we brought out Daphne du Maurier's THE LOVING SPIRIT. It was one of the most delightful discoveries in years. Critics wrote, "She is the complete novelist." They compared her to Emily Brontë, and to her own grandfather, George du Maurier, author of Trilby.

Last July, we published Miss du Maurier's second book, I'LL NEVER BE YOUNG AGAIN. It was a best seller, too. It moved J. B. Priestley to say, "This young woman is going to be a writer whose every novel will be an event!"

How truly Mr. Priestley predicted! For THE PROGRESS OF JULIUS — her new book — is rare in fiction lists this season for scope, brilliant style, and deepening power. It's as stirring as A Tale of Two Cities, yet as satisfying to modern tastes as the work of Storm Jameson or Stella Benson.

THE PROGRESS OF JULIUS is the story of one man's life and ruling passion ("something for nothing, something for nothing!"). The scene is Paris, London, Algiers.

"You must learn to live with your body," young Julius Lévy's hardy old grandpère told him—yet how was one to reconcile that whisper of a dream, heard at odd moments, never fully understood? Here is an undertone of the mystic beauty that has marked the work of Miss du Maurier, in a rich novel, which engages all the senses. Of it, Gerald Gould says, "Miss du Maurier moves from strength to strength."

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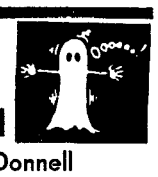

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